

DESTRUCTION OF "THE SCHEME OF LONDON GOVERNMENT."

IT was rumoured a short time ago that in drafting their District Councils proposals for London the Government had decided to take the Parliamentary divisions as the new areas, but those who are interested in the Government of London, and who possess some knowledge of its working, felt confident that on careful consideration this scheme would not be adhered to. Another rumour is now afloat affecting very different arrangements as to area, proposed by very different people; and, although as a rule it is unwise to criticise schemes which have not been made public, the consequences of a mistake in the selection of the future areas for District Councils would have such far-reaching consequences to the Metropolis, that it may be well in the present instance to depart from a sound rule. The sub-committee, of the Local Government and Taxation Committee of the County Council, appointed to consider the "Completion of the Scheme of London Government," has been at work for many months. It is a strong sub-committee, consisting of some fifteen or sixteen prominent members of the Council. The majority of the committee seem to have started with the same thoroughly false idea in their minds with which the Government came to the consideration of the subject. The Government based their scheme upon the electoral areas lately settled by the House of Commons for Parliamentary elections, forgetting that Metropolitan electoral areas rest on population by the agreement of the two great parties, and must therefore from time to time undergo alteration, and, moreover, are completely modern, and have no historical existence. In local government, on the other hand, it is above all things essential that areas should be stereotyped, and it is not of the least importance that they should contain equal numbers of people. If the local government areas are frequently changed, not only do enormous difficulties arise with regard to the incidence of rates, while complicated financial adjustments as regards loans are rendered necessary, but the expenditure upon public buildings is wasted, as some at least, if not all, of the buildings are found to be in the wrong places, and all those traditions of community of life which are an essential element of good local government become lost. These considerations are sufficient to condemn the Government notion of basing the areas upon Parliamentary divisions; an idea which is recommended only by that search for equality of numbers within the divisions, which rests upon ground as little solid as would an attempt to secure uniformity of size among the counties, or of population among the municipal boroughs of the provinces. The most radical reforms may be made with regard to the composition of District Councils and their powers without the slightest reason for attempting to equalise the size of the areas with which they deal. The sub-committee of the County Council on "the Completion of the Scheme of Local Government," started, nevertheless, with this false idea, and reported, we are assured, in October last to the effect that it was desirable that one day what I hear their printers called the "electoral" division should become the same for all purposes. The committee began, however, by grouping Parliamentary divisions in the centre of the town. In the outskirts Fulham was saved in its separate existence by having a powerful friend upon the committee; but Clapham, which is larger than Fulham, was merged, and a total want of true consideration of the subject was revealed. The ground given by the sub-committee for recognising the separation between Fulham and Hammersmith, and that between Battersea and Wandsworth, was that Parliament had recently separated Fulham from Hammersmith, and Battersea from Wandsworth. The only ground, however, for this separation (which was suggested by the Local Government Board while I was connected with that body) was that the time had come when Fulham and Battersea should be placed in the same dignified position in which

Parliament itself had placed Chelsea, Bethnal Green, and many other single parishes of middling size, at the time of the passing of the Metropolis Local Management Act. Yet the sub-committee who recognised with such alacrity the action of Parliament of what they called two (really between four and five) years ago, refused to recognise the will of Parliament with regard to far more populous parishes than Fulham, which were preserved in their distinct existence by Parliament in Sir B. Hall's scheme of Metropolitan Local Government as long ago as 1855. The committee have continued to sit for between six and seven months, since they prepared their report and their maps of areas, and it is because the Local Government Committee of the County Council, of which they are a sub-committee, have abstained from pronouncing any decision upon the question up to the present time, and have, on the contrary, referred the matter to the whole of the members of the Council for consideration in the several committees on which they serve, that the time has come for the public to speak out and to show, as it is certain they will show, in the most unmistakable language, that the proposal of the sub-committee on London government is a senseless one, and one which will be unhesitatingly rejected by the opinion of the Metropolis.

It must not be supposed that the committee have confined their work to making foolish and untenable proposals with regard to areas. They have communicated to all their colleagues of the Council a long memorandum, to which they have evidently given much time and thought, and which has been prepared with skill, upon the functions of District Councils, and as to this there is little fault to find. In it will be seen the excellent results of by far the greater portion of the labours of the sub-committee, and the skilful hands of Sir Thomas Farrer, of Mr. Antrobus, of Mr. Beal, and of Mr. Dickinson, may be traced in the excellent memorandum on which several members of the County Council have now, I believe, privately consulted the skilled officers of their local boards. The only fault that is to be fairly found with the proposals of the sub-committee, apart from that as to areas, is mixed up with their false view as to areas, inasmuch as they recommend that eventually the Poor Law districts should become the same as their proposed District Councils districts. This would have, on the one hand, the effect, for example, of merging the 110,000 people of Chelsea with the (say) 220,000 people of Kensington in one Union, where they are at present under two; while the (say) 70,000 people of Fulham and the (say) 100,000 people of Hammersmith, who are at present in one Union, would be divided into two. This is one instance, of which many might be found in other parts of London, of the peculiarities presented by the areas scheme. If it be urged that Fulham and Hammersmith are fast increasing, which is true, no argument can avoid the fact that Kensington is large enough for any Board of Guardians to find its time fully occupied without our adding to their district a parish which, like Chelsea, has in winter time 1,300 paupers in its workhouse and infirmary, besides the lunatics, imbeciles, children in the Poor Law schools, and out-door poor. The sub-committee have not perhaps pronounced with sufficient strength of conviction in favour of the transfer to the District Councils of the work of the District Surveyors of the County Council, which clashes at present with the work performed by the surveyors to the Vestries, who would become surveyors to the District Councils. There can be no doubt, however, that this change will be made whenever the matter comes to be dealt with, and we fall back therefore upon the question of areas as having led the committee into their only mistake, but a mistake unfortunately of the gravest kind upon the most important point of all.

The ideal of the committee has been to form, in central London, County Council Districts containing from 155,000 to 330,000 persons by the census of 1881, and in the outskirts to have districts less populous in order to provide for

the growth of population in the future. Thus it is that, while they throw together (under the name of Southwark) five Parliamentary divisions, and the present districts of St. Saviour's, St. Olave, St. George the Martyr, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, and Newington, with between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabited houses, and with 330,000 people at the census of 1881, they leave as separate districts Hampstead, which, in 1881, had but 45,000 people and 5,000 inhabited houses, and Fulham, which had but 42,000 people and the same number of inhabited houses as Hampstead. The disproportion is extraordinary, and can only be defended by a consideration of the probability of Hampstead and Fulham in the course of time becoming as populous as the great central districts proposed by the sub-committee. It should, however, be remembered that Fulham has but 1,700 acres, and Hampstead but 2,200 acres, as compared with between 8,000 and 9,000 acres in Wandsworth or in Woolwich; and there is no reason whatever to suppose that Wandsworth and Woolwich will not increase as rapidly as Fulham and Hampstead, so that the equality or virtual equality at which the sub-committee have been aiming will, under their scheme, certainly never be in the least degree attained. It is really useless to further criticise a scheme so crude, and so certain to be unanimously rejected by instructed opinion if its authors dare submit it to public discussion throughout the metropolis. When Sir William Harcourt was preparing his London Government Bill, which would have created not only the County Council, but the District Councils as well, and at the same time, he had the advantage of the advice of Mr. Firth, who is unhappily gone from us, and of Mr. Beal, who lives to guide the deliberations of the Committee to which the sub-committee will report. The view of the Liberal Government, put forward in their Bill without hesitation, and without, it may be confidently asserted, any difference of opinion upon the subject at any time, was in favour of the general retention of the existing areas. To that principle those who have continued the work since those days are still distinctly pledged. In Mr. Firth's last addresses, printed for the London Liberal and Radical Union in 1888, in which he announced Mr. Ritchie's promise that if the London Council prepared proposals for the creation of the District Councils they would receive the most careful attention of the Government, Mr. Firth expressed his own view, as he always had done, in favour of adhering as far as possible to the existing areas. The Government Bill of 1888, in its District Council part, which was dropped, followed the same plan. Both parties, through their official representatives, are committed to this principle; the Liberals by Sir William Harcourt's measure, prepared as it was with the assistance of Mr. Beal and Mr. Firth; and the Conservatives in Mr. Ritchie's Bill, approved upon this point by Mr. Firth. A report by Lord Hobhouse suggested that there should be a power in the future to alter boundaries, which is doubtless necessary, but its author wisely added that there was connected with the old areas "a multitude of old associations and sentiments which are entitled to great respect." The London Municipal Reform League is distinctly committed to the position that the District Councils shall exist for the present areas, with power after their creation as Districts, for the preparation of schemes for such well-considered change in individual cases as has been made by Parliament in the past; and the League is pledged "to build on the existing form of Metropolitan government." The object of the League has been expressed as stimulating and fostering local life. It has pronounced for the view that the varying size of the District areas is practically immaterial, and as late as the 18th of April the League resolved that the District Councils "in place of the vestries" should be for "the existing areas preserved as far as possible." No one can say that the draft scheme of the County Council sub-committee preserves existing areas as far as possible. On the contrary, no sufficient ground can be found for the merging of Clapham in Battersea, for the union of St. Giles's with

Holborn, for the swamping of Chelsea in Kensington, for the extinction of St. George in the East, Limehouse, and Bethnal Green, or the destruction of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, and Newington. I believe that the inhabitants of some of these districts, which it is proposed to merge, are as proud of their local life as we are in my own district; but I can speak best of the corporate existence of the parish which happens to be my own. Our area has remained untouched, since in the Saxon times we were first separated from Westminster. Our local elective institutions date back earlier than Parliament itself. They were modified in 1855, as were those of the whole metropolis; but the area was left untouched, and has never varied by a square inch at any time. The district is large enough for a real local life. Chelsea exceeds in size and in population the greater portion of the municipal boroughs of the United Kingdom, to which freely elective local institutions and complete self-government are entrusted. Its inhabitants have always shown a strong wish that London should be united for the larger purposes of government, and they remain constant to that view. The County Council has in London no better friends, and the political parties vie with one another in helping to make London government good. But I venture to assert that should any attempt be set on foot to merge the parish in its larger neighbour (which itself has a splendid history, but a wholly separate history), that attempt will be resisted by a popular voice which, on that matter at least, will be unanimous. Doubtless the same will be the case in many of the other parishes which I have named. If there were sufficient reasons which, in the interest of London as a whole, made it desirable to face this unanimous hostile opinion in localities, every Radical would wish to see it faced, however much Conservatives might naturally shrink from doing so. But there is not only no sufficient reason, but no reason whatever of any kind, for interfering with the local life of parishes self-contained for all purposes, and large enough to produce the elements of excellent self-government. In our own case, in the parish in which I write, and of which it is proposed to destroy the identity, we have 110,000 people; we are a separate Parliamentary borough, the most populous, indeed, of all. We have the same area for local government and for poor-law purposes, and our boundaries for both these purposes have never at any time been touched. What conceivable reason can be offered to the County Council, to Parliament, or to the inhabitants, for merging them in Kensington as a division of a District? The attempt to secure uniformity of size in the various districts of the metropolis is a will-o'-the-wisp, as I have shown; for in the scheme of the sub-committee which I have so sharply criticised, the census population of the proposed Districts is eight times as great in some cases as in others, and the area (even excluding the case of the City) over twelve times as great; while, should the scheme be adopted, it is certain that in course of time Wandsworth and Woolwich will altogether overbalance the other Districts which will have been created by the action of the sub-committee. There is no more reason, however, for this attempted equality of size—impossible of attainment—than there is for making all municipal boroughs equal with one another. The attempted equality of population must involve continual change, while permanency of area in local government is essential, for the reasons which I have given. The cost of change, moreover, is great; for when Districts are abolished compensation will have to be paid to their officials, and their town halls will cease to be used. No ground, it is contended, has been shown for any attempt to re-divide London into chess-board squares. The attempt of the sub-committee to re-divide it results in proposals which depart more widely from uniformity than do the present areas, and which really constitute change for the sake of change. On the other hand, their suggestions, if adopted, would destroy a local history of which some of the London parishes are as proud as are cities like Oxford and Worcester themselves of theirs. It would put an end to a long and

useful corporate life, and replace it by the struggles of an actual warfare with neighbouring parishes with which the districts would unwillingly be linked; and it is submitted that the plan of Sir William Harcourt and of the Municipal Reform League, afterwards adopted as it was at first by Mr. Ritchie, is the true one. Let us introduce great reforms, simplification of elections, consolidation of powers—changes of a democratic type, but changes on the basis of the existing well-known areas, to which afterwards in some cases modifications might be introduced by schemes of such obvious advantage (as they would be in one or two parts of London) that the consent of the inhabitants might be won for them.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

THE LABOUR HOLIDAY.

AS a broad principle, the Labour Holiday is a thoroughly reasonable idea; and it is hard to see how any fair and liberal mind can refuse it encouragement and support. That wild things have been proposed and foolish things said in connection with it ought not to prejudice sober persons from sympathy with the principle. The principle is simply this: that the labourers throughout the civilised world find their hours of labour excessive; that they are resolved by united efforts to shorten those hours; and they propose to "demonstrate," or announce, their resolve by a public gathering on an appointed day. These propositions are one and all true and reasonable. The hours of labour *are* excessive; if they are to be shortened it must be by united effort; and a public "demonstration" is the accepted method of addressing public opinion.

It would be useless to discuss whether a "demonstration" is the absolutely best method of agitation. All nations, classes, and parties, hold big public gatherings, and call on gods and men to witness their union and their numbers. Unionists and Home Rulers, French Republics, Railways, Academies, United States, Kings and Queens, Salvation Armies, Temperance Leagues, Primrose habitations, and the Post Offices "demonstrate;" and consider the sound and display they can make testimonials of their vitality and progress. It is too late to carp at what is an accepted habit of our age. It is the ordinary course of things then that workmen, if they seek to remind the world of their existence, and to impress on the world their wants, should hold similar gatherings. And since their strength lies in numbers, and their weakness in poverty, their "demonstration" has to take the form of a mass meeting in some conspicuous public place. It is really a fine idea to hold a Labour Holiday in the first week of May as a visible and material sign of the universality of labour and its demand for more rest. Great exhibitions of industry, art galleries, evangelical societies, military parades, cricket clubs, races, and the "season," begin in earnest the first week in May. And it was a happy thought to take the same date for a universal Labour Holiday. It does not look as if this year much would come of it. Inexperience and jealousies may make co-operation difficult; but the idea is too good to be dropped. And we may fully expect to see the first week of May dedicated as the Festival of Labour much as the 14th of July is now the Festival of the Republic in France, and the 4th of July in America.

The Labour Holiday is no doubt not a simple demand for more rest, but it is more or less distinctly associated with the eight-hour day. And quite rightly; a protest, to be emphatic, should embody a definite reform. For my part I am wholly in favour of the eight-hour day as the normal rule. My friends and myself have urged it as a principle for upwards of twenty years, pressed it on workmen, on employers and the public in various ways. It is nearly twenty years since some of us put out a programme of

Social Reform, in which the eight-hour day stood as one of the essential conditions. Since then we have advocated it in the press, on platforms, and in conferences, appealing to trades unionists, capitalists, and the public. When Lord Brassey published, in 1872, his useful book on "Work and Wages," I strongly urged the importance of his proof that *hours of labour are no test of the cost of production*, and of his recommendation of an eight hours' day by a system of relays. As a member of a party which has been urging the eight-hour day for a generation, I hail the proposed Labour Holiday as a new means of propaganda.

Why eight hours? we are asked. Well, for many reasons. Eight hours has been attempted by legislation in the United States, and has been achieved in Australia by combination. Eight hours is found in practice to be as much as an average man can work day by day, and yet retain some freshness of mind and body for mental improvement and home-life. Ten hours may be endured without immediate injury to health; but it leaves little or no margin of free time. One of the most powerful as well as most intelligent workmen I ever knew told the Trades Union Commission that a man who could not tire himself out in eight hours was not a first-class workman. Eight hours is the accepted day for the commercial and professional classes, and all the educated assistants whom they employ. The average banker, lawyer, merchant, or broker, is well content if he can get eight hours' honest work out of his clerks. Why is the builder, the engineer, or the coal-master to get more? Nine hours is an invisible degree of change from ten. And nine will not divide twenty-four, and eight will. Lord Brassey showed how in ocean navigation and in some works, such as collieries, production was carried on continuously with very costly machinery in three relays of eight hours each. Two relays of eight hours each could be got into the time between 5 a.m. and 9 p.m.—without making either of the shifts night-work, strictly so-called—every "shift" coming on, or going off work at 1 p.m. after noon. An eight-hour day is an ideal to stir up hope and effort. And it is not so short as to be economically impossible, or extravagantly indulgent.

"Shorter hours and more regular work" is the uniform cry of the social reformer and educational enthusiast. It is the condition of any fresh progress. Whilst the hours of labour are so exhausting and so spasmodic, civilisation remains in a backward and unhealthy state. All other demands must give way to this, unless society is to wither or to grow into ominous forms of tension. If shorter hours mean dear things, things must be dear. If they mean reduced production, production must be reduced. If they mean much embarrassment to capital, capital must be embarrassed. But we will not listen to all these cries of panic. It is the old story that if we abolished West Indian slavery we should have no sugar. Then, when slavery was abolished in the American Union, there was to be no cotton. When we suppressed infant labour in factories, the textile industries were to be ruined. When women were rescued from underground coal-mines, we were to get no coal. When climbing boys were not allowed as sweeps, we were to have smoky chimneys. And when the Corn Laws were abolished, agriculture was to disappear. The simple answer was:—Then go without sugar, cotton, coal, and shirtings; learn to bear smoky flues, and to live without ploughed fields. Of course the issue proved that this was all nonsense, and the bugbears were weak inventions of the enemy. Capital soon found out means to get over the difficulty. That is the business of capital and its sole social justification, that it can get us out of social and economical dilemmas. We soon had more sugar, more cotton, more shirtings, more coal than ever, better swept chimneys, and more scientific farming, ten times more in quantity, for half the price, and yet the wages of the producers went up all round. Capital is very ingenious and very elastic. It has done it before, and it must do it again. Its task will be to produce as much in eight hours as it has hitherto done in ten.

The task is not so very difficult, and it must find the solution—or give up the command.

Those who have studied the facts—not in *a priori* reasonings of economists in books, but in practical experience—know that it is within the bound of reasonable expectation that the eight hours' labour of more cultivated, more willing, and less jaded men may be made by better discipline, improved machinery, and higher organisation, to equal in result the ten hours' labour of more ignorant, less contented, and more over-driven men, just as Lord Brassey shows that sixteen hours in a Russian cotton-mill produces far less than ten hours in a Lancashire factory, that sixteen coolies at 6d. per day do less work than an English navvy at 8s. It is therefore pedantic ignorance which tries to settle this complex problem by the rule of three, and assumes that the ninth and tenth hour of labour are equally productive with the first and the second; and that every hour of "labour" (meaning a human being with a brain, and a will, and a heart) mathematically turns out so many pounds of manufactured goods with the immovable precision of a weighing machine. This is as silly as it would be to assume that an army of 50,000 men must, always and everywhere, beat an army of 40,000 men. Many a general agrees with Cromwell, who said he never fared so well as when he fought against odds.

Why assume as a matter of course that a workman's holiday means loss of wages? Judges, civil servants, officers of the Crown, do not forfeit salary when they go on vacation or leave. City clerks, and business employes, even domestic servants, expect full salaries, when they take a holiday. Why is the workman considered as incapable of needing rest? Why has he always to pay for it? The answer is plain. He is still regarded as outside the pale of civilised life, too much regarded as the mere descendant of the serf. Now all social and even religious reforms are ultimately reducible to this reform: make the workman a full sharer in all the moral, social, and intellectual benefits of the whole social system. And the first condition of this is—less exhausting daily labour.

He will force himself into the privileged circle by one means or other; and he had better be admitted with grace. Already he has forced the greatest of modern sovereigns to stir himself in his cause. In England, as in most European countries, he holds the ultimate reserve of political power in a preponderance of votes. All that he asks by the proposed Labour Holiday is to recognise the Eight Hours' Day as the ideal to aim at. And a more legitimate demand can hardly be imagined. That frantic men take the opportunity of making the demonstration for shorter hours a revolutionary manifesto is natural, but it is a mere incident. That the Government of the Republic in France is resolved to prohibit the demonstration is a miserable confession of weakness, characteristic of the *doctrinaire* conservatism which now calls itself Opportunist. It must be admitted, however, that the holiday movement in France has openly proclaimed itself as an attack on the Constitution and the Government. And if the Government believes that it implies riot and plunder, the Government must take its measures.

I have said nothing here about legislation to enforce an eight hours' day as a universal maximum. The question is not a necessary part of a Labour Holiday; and I will advocate it myself when I see the smallest sign that the workmen of these islands have any idea of accepting so preposterous a tyranny. If public men had a little more grit, we should hear much less of this stage-thunder bluster. Members of Parliament and candidates, who are perpetually watching the gyrations of the cat, are answerable for the growth of this nightmare-spectre of a few impudent demagogues. Men who are neither members nor candidates can speak plainly about this blatant tyranny, and counsel honest men to resist it to the death. The Eight Hours' Day by all means—but to be won as the Ten Hours' Day, and the free right of combination, and all other labour reforms, have been ever won by Englishmen.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

POLITICS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

WHAT is happening in Newfoundland? It is a portion of the Queen's dominions; it has important relations with this country; it is at present, as we know, in a state of discontent, and experts in foreign affairs tell us that it may yet be the cause of a grave rupture between this country and France. Yet who knows and who cares anything about Newfoundland affairs? Our newspapers tell us nothing. They are full of East Africa; for our nearest Western colony they have hardly a word to say.

The Colonial Office Blue Books give useful accounts of the past history of the everlasting fishery question, with clear narrations of the anomalous but indisputable rights of France on the northerly shores of the island; but even if those publications dealt with present events, it would not be within their scope to describe the political changes in the island, which are not, however, without important bearing upon the international controversy. Those who have tried to follow the matter at issue with the French will recollect that the discussion about the legality according to treaty of the Bait Bill (the enactment to prevent the export of bait used in the cod-fishery, which was intended to handicap the industry of the French fishermen) was succeeded by the lobster-canning question. The French, under ancient treaties, have the exclusive right to portions of the shore, where they may catch fish and erect stands for drying it, but their right to trap lobsters and to prepare them is disputed, the Newfoundlanders urging that lobsters are not fish and that drying is not canning. While this controversy was proceeding, the general election took place, and though the new franchise was on a basis unprecedented in the British Empire, such is the amazing indifference at home to Imperial affairs, that no notice whatever was, we believe, taken in England of this most interesting legislative experiment until Sir Charles Dilke drew attention to it some months after the elections in "Problems of Greater Britain." The Electors' Qualification Act of 1889 grants manhood suffrage to all male inhabitants of the colony over the age of twenty-five, the reason of this peculiar limitation being that it was considered not advisable to give the vote to youths, lest, before settling down in the industries of the country, they should be inclined to vote for Federation with Canada, which would give them a larger field for their energies.

The elections took place towards the end of last year, and their importance was enhanced by the fact that for the first time they were conducted by ballot. The Ballot Act was passed nearly three years ago, in May, 1887, but no election had taken place under its provisions, and we are inclined to believe that it had a greater effect on the polling than had the extension of the franchise. It must be remembered that in Newfoundland there are two classes who have exercised a powerful influence on the population, the Catholic bishops and clergy on the one hand, and the merchants on the other, though their respective influences have not necessarily been antagonistic. The Roman Catholics, all of Irish extraction though mostly not of Irish birth, number about 80,000 in a total population of about 200,000, and in the one large centre, St. John's, the capital, they are to the Protestants in the proportion of two to one. The merchants, who for the most part are Protestant, have had the fishing people completely in their hands owing to the truck system which prevails in the cod-fisheries. Roughly speaking, then, the priests returned the members to the House of Assembly in urban districts where Catholicism was predominant, and the merchants returned them in the more sparsely populated districts where the fisheries are carried on. It should be borne in mind that though party spirit runs high in Newfoundland between Protestant and Catholic, and though many heads have been broken in religious riots at election times, there is no party cleavage as regards policy. The last Assembly had a majority favourable to the Catholics, but its legislation in no wise differed from that of the preceding House, which was Protestant. This peculiarity was brought into prominence at the recent elections.

So far as we can gather, the opposing candidates before the eighteen constituencies of the island did not advocate opposite policies. On both sides the imputation of a leaning towards Confederation with Canada was rigorously repelled, and the attitude of candidates regarding the Bait Bill was adapted to local sentiment and interest. On no such questions was the election fought. The sole determination of the electorate seemed to be to revolt against the old nomination system. In Roman Catholic districts independent Catholics were run against the nominees of priests and bishop, and in every case returned. In the constituencies where mercantile influence prevailed, candidates were returned whose names had never been heard of in the districts previously, and the old members, who had been personally popular, and had, in many cases, substantially benefited the constituencies, were defeated by unknown opponents by overwhelming majorities on large polls. After fifty years of quasi-representative government the democracy of the little Colony suddenly having its fetters removed had no thought of future policy or of past favours, but one fixed idea to proclaim its emancipation. This new condition of things must henceforward be reckoned with in considering public opinion in Newfoundland on the international question. In time past it was sufficient to recognise the views of a community of respectable merchants, and of a body of Catholic priests with a wise and moderate bishop at their head. The French question has always called for that tact which has been conspicuously exhibited by the officers of the navies of England and of France, who have had most to do with the adjustment of points at issue.

At the present moment the attitude of the Government at St. John's is that of contentment with the interpretation put upon the treaties by the law officers of the Crown, and of desire to make no proposition such as the French Government is urging the British Government to make. The opinion in Newfoundland seems to be generally against a repeal of the Bait Act, though two prominent members of the new Administration in their election addresses promised the voters of their constituencies, which used to supply bait to the French island of St. Pierre, that they would urge some relaxation of the strict interpretation of the statute. Moreover, the law officers of the Crown have advised that under the treaties the French have no right to can lobsters, so the general sentiment in Newfoundland is *quies non movere*. It is an advantage for the three parties concerned—Great Britain, France, and Newfoundland—that the two French officials who are being consulted on the Quai d'Orsay are as intimate with the subject and its difficulties as they are with the sentiments in the Colony. One of them is the French Consul at St. John's, and the other is Admiral Houmann, who has been in command of the French squadron on the Fisheries, and both of them are on most friendly terms with the inhabitants of the island. The Newfoundlanders say that the Admiral and the Consul might inform their Government that all difficulties would be put an end to, and that the Colonists would be in a mood to make every concession, if the French would take off the bounty on their fish exported to Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the United States. We cannot say that this way out of the difficulty seems likely to be opened up on the initiative of the French Government.

The French press during the present year has been, on the whole, more or less moderate upon the question, which has not excited much feeling when made the subject of interpellation in the Chamber. M. Spuller was attacked before Easter by his opponents for lack of vigour in protecting French interests, and his successor, M. Ribot, will probably undergo similar hostile criticism. We make no attempt to offer a solution of the question, but it is an extremely disagreeable one to have remaining in suspense, as England has always to reckon with the French sentiment arising from the fact that the possession by France of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and her rights enjoyed upon the French shore of Newfoundland, are the only remnants of the Empire which she once seemed likely to build up in

North America. If Newfoundland joined the Canadian Dominion, that event would in no way affect French treaty right. M. Deloncle, a French writer, stated the other day that France would be willing to remove her fishing establishments from the coast of Newfoundland to the Great Bank in consideration of certain money payments by Great Britain and certain cessions in Africa, the West Indies, or the Pacific. We know not with what authority he wrote, and we cannot conceive what cession would be possible in the West Indies. In the Pacific we can give up nothing; but as Egypt is obviously not referred to by the use of the word Africa, it is possible that there are Frenchmen who would be willing that their Government should accept some British possession on the West Coast of Africa in exchange. We heartily wish that some such *modus solvendi* might be arrived at.

STANLEY.

THE hero coming back to us to-day from Africa is not only the greatest traveller of the age; he is also its shortest-tempered man. He might be an American for his proneness to quick and sudden quarrel, and his heart is on his sleeve, though the sport of pecking at it is not without danger for the daws. His scenes of discovery might be marked on the map by crossed pens to indicate battles in the newspapers. There is the Battle of Ujiji, the Battle of the Congo Basin, and we have lately had some preliminary skirmishes of the Battle of Wadelai. Dwelling so long with Nature, Stanley has become again her child, and when anything upsets him he lets himself go. He is incapable of a hidden grievance; he lives by shocks of energy; and his most familiar manifestation of being is to have it out. When he came back with the wondrous story of the discovery of Livingstone, every Nestor of travel would have advised him to play a waiting game. That was obviously the wisdom of ages as applied to the situation: Wait, and be content to be misunderstood and misrepresented. Cultivate the patient smile, and the meekness that turns the cheek to the geographical smiter. Stanley did nothing of the kind. He gave blow for blow, answered doubt by sarcasm and invective, and, like Mahomet, converted to faith in his good faith by the sword. As the proofs accumulated, the sceptics learned that they would have to surrender the honours of the last blow. The Nestorian method might, of course, have answered the same purpose, but the other was Stanley's way. So when he returned to this planet from the sources of the Congo he went to war with Lieutenant De Brazza, who had tried to tap his new trade route from the French settlements on the west coast. That was a great war. It was fought in Paris before a jury of terrified *savants*, reinforced by the man in the street. Between the mouth of the Congo and the Upper Congo there is Stanley Pool. If you hope for anything like continuous navigation, it is idle to put a boat on the river till you have passed the Pool. Navigation proper begins there, and to that point it is best to go by road or rail from the coast. De Brazza thought he might creep up to the Pool from the contiguous French settlements, and so put his countrymen on the river by a better, if not a shorter way. He crept and crept, in long and painful wanderings, and finally came back to announce that the path was clear. He brought treaties with native chiefs in his pocket, signed with a mark, yet couched in excellent French. He brought reports of conversations. These excellent black men, it was evident, could do everything but write, and they were perfectly familiar with the *sicde* of Louis XIV. They seemed to talk in leading articles. "To be frank with you," said King Makoko to the Lieutenant, "I love France. Her civilising mission is the hope of humanity." In an evil hour for himself, and for his inventor, Makoko went on to compare De Brazza's peaceful propaganda with Stanley's blood-thirsty rule.

This was enough for the man of pepper and iron. He joined

issue in a terrible attack on De Brazza delivered at a public banquet of the Parisian club that bears the Stanley name. It was the nearest opportunity, and he seized it; the quarrel was to be understood of no man but a cartographer. The astonished company, who had expected the smooth sayings of after-dinner oratory in terms that everybody might understand, were treated to hard ones in the mysterious nomenclature of African geography. De Brazza was tackled as to his right of priority as a discoverer, and generally as to his right to any other designation than that of a mere human being. He was challenged to deny that he had obtained his knowledge of the region by affecting a merely humanitarian interest in Stanley's labours of exploration, and had used the information so acquired for the exclusive benefit of France.

This was Stanley in one mood. The Stanley of another was seen a day or two after, when the chastened offender was invited to another banquet at Stanley's hotel. Here it was understood that De Brazza would be on his defence. He entered on his defence with a liberal use of lucifer matches on the table-cloth, to represent African rivers, and saucers which stood for African lakes. A pepper castor marked the site of Stanley Falls.

Nobody but the principals understood one word of it, and nobody felt sorry for his ignorance. It was enough to know that the two explorers learned to know each other better over the table-cloth, and that a lucifer match happily adjusted, after much discussion, seemed to leave them the best of friends. Peace made—according to the custom of African and other travel—there were appropriate rejoicings. Stanley, in drinking to the general joy of the whole table, delivered a brief eulogy of each guest in turn, beginning to the right or left of him, and never pausing till he had achieved the tour of the company. It was a most trying ordeal, but its exuberant kindliness of intention deprived it of every element of offence. If the guest happened to be a tall man and broad-shouldered, broad-shouldered and tall men were praised. If his forte were a flashing eye, he heard of it; if he played the fiddle in his leisure, he had to blush to find it fame. There was a certain barbaric suggestion in it, as of something from the court of King M'wanga, which was not without its charm. Its chief interest, however, lay in its clue to the character of Stanley. He had quarrelled with De Brazza; he had become reconciled to him; and, in each case, he had done it with what the French call effusion. He has a tendency to be always in the extreme of wrath or love. His friends are the dearest friends that ever man had; his enemies are the wickedest people alive. He dissembles badly, and would make but a poor villain in a transpontine play. When he was angry with De Brazza, he attacked him in utter disregard of the proprieties of a ceremonial dinner. When he became reconciled to him, he was for toasting all the world—again with a supreme indifference to the conventions of the scene. His rescue of Emin is another example. The conventions and the proprieties would certainly have suggested an avoidance of all hint of misunderstanding. Here was Emin—captive of Stanley's beads and his Gatling—and more precious than any individual figure that ever graced a Roman triumph. It seemed indispensable that Rescuer and Rescued should appear together before the public eye. They were inseparable as parts of the pageant of heroism. The Rescuer, however, acknowledged no necessity of this sort. He was not well pleased with the Rescued, and he took the very earliest opportunity of saying so. He could not wait till he reached Zanzibar; he seemed to send it off express from the desert. Emin was no sooner in safe keeping, and the glorious exploit achieved, than we heard of his pitiful incompetence to make up his own mind. It was the beginning of a quarrel which is destined to have further developments; only precedent, however, we feel sure, to a general reconciliation all round. Is it a fault? Is it a virtue? It is certainly a marked quality of Stanley, for good or for ill. Africa is only half to blame or to praise for it; the other half of the responsibility must certainly be borne by New York. The American reporter—and as such this really great man began

—ever fighting fiercely for his own hand, has the savage quality in the quickness of his emotions, of joy and of sorrow, of love and hate. Happily Stanley, however, is something more than this. He is really a great man, and perhaps he is endeared to us all the more because of those features of his character which show that he is not altogether exempt from the infirmities of common humanity.

THE BONÂ-FIDE TRAVELLER.

THIS thirsty gentleman is threatened with extinction. His Sabbatical pint is in danger. He has just been reported against by a Royal Commission. Threatened men, we know, live long, and it is not for us to raise false alarms, but though the end of the *bonâ-fide* traveller may be not yet, his glory has departed. His more than Sabbath-day journeys in search of the liquor that he loves, extended though they are by statute over three dreary, dusty miles of turnpike, have been ridiculed, and, worse than that, his *bonâ-fide* character—hitherto his proud passport to intoxication—has been roughly condemned as pleonastic. A pretty pleonasm, truly, which has broached many a barrel. The Commissioners say, "We think it would be advisable to eliminate the words *bonâ-fide*. No sensible person could suppose that the Legislature in using the word traveller meant to include persons who make a pretence only of being such, and are not travellers really and in fact." At present there are two classes of Sunday travellers: there is the real traveller and there is the *bonâ-fide* traveller. It is the latter whose existence is menaced. The sooner he dies the better, for, in plain English, he is a drunken dog.

The Report of the Royal Commission as to the operation of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act of 1881 has just been published, and, as the phrase runs, will repay perusal. It is full of humanity and details about our neighbours, their habits and customs. However true it may have been, or still may be, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is a libel upon the curiosity of mankind to attribute this ignorance to indifference. No facts are more popular than those which relate to people's lives. Could it be discovered how many people prefer tea without sugar, the return would be printed in every newspaper of Great Britain, and be made the text of tens of thousands of leading articles. We are all alike in this respect, though some of us are ashamed to own it. We are by no means sure that the man answered badly who, when asked which of George Eliot's characters was lodged most firmly in human memories, replied boldly, Mrs. Linnet. Everybody remembers Mrs. Linnet, and grins broadly at the very mention of her name. "On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine; whether he had ever fallen off a stage-coach, whether he had married more than one wife, and, in general, any adventures or repartees recorded of him prior to the epoch of his conversion. Then she glanced over the letters and diary, and wherever there was a predominance of Zion, the River of Life, and notes of exclamation, she turned over to the next page; but any passage in which she saw such promising nouns as 'small-pox,' 'pony,' or 'boots and shoes,' at once arrested her." How imitable it is! And yet Mr. Oscar Browning prefers "Daniel Deronda." It is a comforting reflection that whether you write well or whether you write ill, you have always an audience.

But Mrs. Linnet's deep-rooted popularity proves how fond we all are of escaping from abstractions and predictions, and seizing hold of the things about which we really feel ourselves entitled to an opinion. Mrs. Linnet would have read a great part of the Report to which we have referred with much interest. It is full of most promising nouns. Mrs. Linnet's opinion as to a *bonâ-fide* traveller would be quite as valuable as Lord Balfour of Burleigh's

But who is a *bond-fide* traveller? He is a person who seeks drink on Sunday during hours when by law public-houses are closed. He has therefore to make out a special case for being supplied with drink. The fact that he is thirsty counts for nothing. Everybody is thirsty on Sunday. His special case is that he is not a resident but a traveller, and wants refreshment to enable him to go on travelling. But here the law steps in, "big-wigged, voluminous-jawed," and adds this qualification—that nobody shall be considered a *bond-fide* traveller who is not three miles away from his last bed. An attorney's clerk of three months' standing could have foretold what has happened, namely, that everybody who is three miles from home becomes at once and *ipso facto* a *bond-fide* traveller. You rap with your knuckles at the door of the shut inn; it is partially opened, and the cautious publican or his spouse inquires of you where you come from; you name a city of the plain four miles off, and the next moment finds you comfortably seated in the bar-parlour. Falsely to represent yourself as a *bond-fide* traveller is a misdemeanour, but assuming you are three miles away from home, how can such a representation be made falsely? We are all pilgrims in this world. If my sole motive for walking three miles on Sunday is to get a pint of beer at the "Griffin," doubtless I am not a *bond-fide* traveller, but if my motive be to get both the walk and the beer, who dare asperse my good faith? Should I have taken the walk but for the beer, or should I have taken the beer but for the walk? are questions far too nice to be made the subject of summary process.

The Commissioners cannot be accused of shirking this difficult question. They brace up their minds to it, and deliver themselves as follows. There is, say they, in language of almost Scriptural simplicity, first the traveller who makes a journey either by railway or otherwise, on business or for some other necessary cause. His case, in the opinion of the Commissioners, is a simple one. He is entitled to drink by the way. But next, proceed the Commissioners in language of less merit, "there is the individual who leaves his place of residence in the morning, or it may be later in the day, intending to be absent for some hours, inclusive perhaps, but not necessarily, of his midday meal, his object being primarily change of air and scene, exercise, relaxation of some kind, a visit to friends, or some reasonable cause other than merely to qualify for entrance into a licensed house." This is the mixed-motive case already hinted at. Then, thirdly, there is the bold bad man "who goes from his home to a point not less than three miles distant, either on foot or by wheeled vehicle by road or rail, primarily if not solely to procure the drink which the Act denies him within three miles of where he lodged the previous night." This gentleman is the genuine *bond-fide* traveller known to all policemen and magistrates, and it is he who is threatened with extinction. But how is he to be differentiated from the individual who leaves his place of residence in the morning and goes to a place, not in search of drink, but where, for all that, drink is? For example, it appears from this report that near Swansea is a place of resort called the Mumbles. A great many people go there every Sunday, and a considerable number return home drunk at night; but, say the Commissioners, and we entirely believe them, "it is impossible for us to say what proportion of them go for change and exercise and what proportion for the sake of drink." But if it be impossible, how is the distinction between the individual who leaves his place of residence in the morning, and the bold bad man, to be maintained?

There are those who would abolish the exemption in favour of travellers altogether. Let him who travels on Sunday take his liquor with him in a flask. There are others who would allow his glass to the traveller who is not on pleasure bent, but would refuse it to everybody else. A third party hold that a man who takes exercise for his health is as much entitled to refreshment as the traveller who goes on business. No one has been found bold enough to say a word for the man who travels in order that he may drink.

The Commissioners, after the wont of such men, steer a

middle course. They agree with the Rev. Dr. Parry, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, who declared that he would not exclude from reasonable refreshment "a man who goes from his place of residence on Sunday to see the country"! We confess we should like to have both Dr. Parry's and a Welsh collier's opinion as to what is reasonable refreshment. Then, again, "to see the country" is a vague phrase.

The Commissioners suggest a new clause, to run as follows:—

"No person shall be deemed to be within the exception relating to travellers unless he proves that he was actually engaged in travelling for some purpose other than that of obtaining intoxicating liquor, and that he has not remained on the licensed premises longer than was reasonably required for the transaction of his necessary business or for the purpose of necessary rest, refreshment, or shelter from the weather."

This seems to us nothing but a repeal of the three-mile limit. How is a wayfaring man to prove that he is travelling for some purpose other than that of obtaining intoxicating liquor? He can only assert the fact, and unless he is a notorious drunkard, both the publican and the magistrate are bound to believe him. We are by no means sure that were the suggestion of the Commissioners to be carried out it would not be found that our old friend the *bond-fide* traveller could get his liquor and curtail his walk.

We should like Mrs. Linnet's opinion; but failing hers, we can only express our own, which is that Sunday drinking is so bad a thing that if it can be stopped it ought to be so, even though it were to follow as a consequence that no traveller could get drink from Saturday night till Monday morning except at the place where he spent the night.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

I.—HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY

HYDE PARK has many sides; but the two most impressive are, perhaps, the social and the socialistic sides. After morning service one has an excellent opportunity to watch the class that is pleased because it has dressed too well; and precisely at half-past three one may hear, near the Marble Arch, the class that is angry because it cannot dress well enough. These two classes keep as much apart as if an unbridged Serpentine flowed between them.

These Sundays of early spring must be very trying to the social young men. Their winter methods of dress have become odiously familiar, and people of no reputation have begun to wear the baggy blue overcoat. The coat with a collar of expensive fur is less abominably common, but is too abominably hot now, and its propriety in the morning has been questioned. And the weather is not yet hot enough to justify any summery method of procedure. Yet last Sunday, when these young men took gentle walking exercise after divine service—or shall we say after the hours of divine service?—they were still as perfectly beautiful as heretofore, and as much like one another. All had the frock-coat with silk facings; all had those miraculous trousers that have never been worn before, and yet are innocent of the tailor's crease. It was only in such slight matters as flowers and neckties that individuality was allowed to assert itself at all. But one or two men—pioneers possibly—did appear in a wondrous grey confection, completing the costume with blue-grey suede gloves, an eye-glass, a half-smile, and patent-leather boots. The tulips in the enclosures looked particularly happy, as they compared their own scarlet glory with these quiet hues, and knew that no social young man—at any rate no civilian—could be arrayed in such a way as to at all resemble one of them. The peacocks too may have been pleased with a feeling of superiority, for their vanity gives them so much less trouble. One says nothing about the dresses of the ladies except that

they were very pretty. For details a reader may be referred to the society papers *passim*, and to other journals which make this mysterious subject a speciality. One turned from these peacocks, social young men, and tulips, to have a look at the Serpentine. The crowd round the Serpentine were greatly interested. A dog went into the water to fetch a stick. A boat sailed across. The dog came out again. The boat sailed back again. The dog selected the thickest part of the crowd, and shook himself—even as the sun shines—upon the just and upon the unjust. But there are other things in the park on Sunday besides beauty and boats, boots and dogs. If the dog in question reads this article, he will understand the connection in which he is placed in that last sentence.

Perhaps these other things are really the more important. It is necessary, of course, to say that Hyde Park is "one of the lungs of London," but one may add that it is the rest of the speaking apparatus as well. When London wishes to speak, it does so in the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch; and it speaks in the most contradictory ways. Early in the afternoon of last Sunday there were several groups gathered there within short distances of each other. In one group a man in a covert coat was combating atheism. He was prepared, he said, to dispute the eternity of the universe on the grounds of, firstly, reason, and secondly, ascertained scientific facts; and he did dispute it to some purpose and to a poorly dressed, sympathetic, intelligent-looking audience. One passed just such another audience gathered round a recitation in dialect, given by a man with a quaint, humorous face. A third group was not so absolutely sympathetic. The speaker had defined tax as being something which is taken from us, and for which we get nothing in return. Either this or some other statement had not coincided with the views of a dissident, who was being freely advised to shut up. The views of the dissident were not audible on the outside of the ring, but it was obvious that he was in a bad temper and a silk hat. A little way further on another reciter had spread out on the grass before him his hat, a newspaper on which were a few coppers, and a board printed with the title of the recitation. In the middle of it he paused, faltered, and suddenly put on the hat. Then he apologised to his hearers, explained that his memory had failed him, said that he would try another, and remarked, by way of prelude, that there was nothing like self-possession. He changed the printed board and began again. It was the story of a midnight meeting for fallen women, and the poem told how "there were cake and carfy." The words seemed to touch some chords. The cause of religion was being maintained not many yards off by a member of the Church Army, who was addressing several absolute strangers as his "deeah friends and brothers." But by this time it was clear that there was some commotion going on in the group where the man with the views on tax had been speaking. The commotion took the form of a scrimmage, and the dissident appeared to be taking the place of the ball. The ball was in a bad temper and protesting angrily; the scrimmage was quite pleased. The ball got over the railings and the scrimmage followed. Finally, a beneficent, large, iron-grey, good-humoured policeman persuaded the dissident that his place was elsewhere; so he went elsewhere, but shed opinions by the way.

Speaker follows speaker on these afternoons. On the place where the scientific defender of Christianity had succeeded so well, the sale of free-thought publications was also successful. One speaker admired Stanley, loved Stanley, but did not love *The Star*, because it is a paper of the middle classes, run by hated capital. There would be no time to sympathise with a paper which had no capital; but we would try to cherish its memory. This man is an orator, and can hold an audience, and talks most excellent sense at times. Another man, who described himself as a cabinet-maker, had a large crowd round him. He, too, objected to capital, and certainly was quite able to keep a park audience interested and amused. There were fewer people around the banner of the "National Federation of all Trades and Industries," where an

intelligent speaker condemned the Sweating Commission, and described strikes as a barbarian method and only a temporary remedy. Much the same view of strikes was taken by *Justice* for last Saturday. This organ of the social democracy was being sold in the park. It does well in pointing out that a successful strike means higher prices as well as higher wages. It does excellently well in putting the case for the "blackleg" with great fairness and temperance. It is by no means so sanguine about the 1st of May as is *The Commonweal*, which also is part of the Hyde Park literature.

It would be impossible to describe the speeches and the people of a Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park fully in one article. To study the Marble Arch side at all is at once to despair and to hope. The chief cause for despair lies with the audiences; they are sympathetic, but they are desperately fickle. If a hearer disagrees with an opinion expressed, he swears and moves to the next group. He is always more ready to laugh than to learn, and he laughs at things which might make the angels weep. Many of the speakers are men of marked ability, of interesting experiences, and of some little reading. But they are nearly as unfair and stupid in their views of the upper classes, as the upper classes generally are in their opinions of that Hyde Park oratory to which they never listen. The audiences should be six times as large. The majority of the poorer working classes must be apathetic indeed if they can take no interest in hearing one of themselves speak publicly of their condition. Possibly the eloquence has been repeated too often; such words as "proletariate" and "bourgeois" have lost the charm of length or novelty. Yet one cannot but feel hopeful in finding that any interest at all is taken in some of the social and political questions which were discussed last Sunday; although one would wish for larger audiences and more generosity, less contempt and more knowledge in those who address them. So much for the socialistic side, and we have used the word quite freely, and inaccurately. While these speeches were going on, the social side was hearing the band and paying to sit on chairs. There are plenty of people who would stand on one leg for a certain time every day if they only had to pay for it.

The bourgeois class mingle with both sides, and are mildly interested in both. They look contented and happy. They walk in couples. In this lies the great bond of union, the point where all grades of society sympathise. Two sentences were spoken so loudly that it was easy to overhear them. The first was: "Yes, we've quarrelled. She's got such an infernal temper." The second was: "It's all off between me and Annie, yer know."

The numerous children are the pleasantest class to remember. They care not for dress, or the proletariat, or for the eternity of the universe; and they have no occasion to care as yet. It is enough for them to play, and to quarrel, and to make it up again in the sunshine, when there is any sunshine. A little boy and two sisters were playing a sort of elementary foot-ball with an empty meat-can. The rules were evolved as they went on, the exclamation, "That ain't fair," being prohibitive and final. Then the boy desired to play at something else, and—not being a chivalrous little stage impossibility—struck his sister as a sort of preliminary measure. He got very, very much the worst of it, and wept, and was comforted. May his sorrows always be as short-lived.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

IF it is by the work of the older members that the reputation of the Royal Society is maintained in landscape, it is by the work of younger members alone that it can be secured in figure-drawing. Of the elder painters, very few have treated the figure at all; fewer still with that science of draughtsmanship, or that freshness of impression, which the modern taste exacts. Mr. Poynter and Mr. Albert Moore might indeed seem to be exceptions to this rule, but neither sends anything to the present show; nor are these gentlemen the only illustrious absentees. The elder school

of figure-drawing is represented by Mr. Stacy Marks, humourist rather than draughtsman; by Mr. J. D. Watson, whose work, alas! is still on the decline, and perhaps by Mr. Radford, who often manages to be engaging, though hardly ever is he throughout satisfactory. The men of the more modern feeling in figure-drawing are—shall we say?—Mr. Henshall and Mr. Wainwright, and now, to-day, perhaps Mr. Bulleid, a follower of Mr. Alma Tadema as to his theme, but less of an archæologist and with greater care for grace and robustness of line. We admit that his "After the Bath" (No. 181) is in a sense only decorative, that it has no atmosphere; that it is all upon one plane. Still it has its own virtues—excellence of modelling, harmony of contour, purity of hue. Mr. Wainwright pleases us less, with his big single figure, "The Grace Cup" (No. 46), but the imitation of textures is skilled, and the work itself is large and forcible. Of Mr. Henshall's two drawings, the most ambitious is the least attractive. That is "Osiria" (No. 19), who, in his design, is by no means "Enwrapped in trance of true and deep devotion," but is, *tout bonnement*, a brown and lissom girl excellently well drawn. His modern young woman with a rough straw hat, very pretty hands lifted to the cheek, and a face of reverie in luminous shadow, is infinitely more desirable. Of those whom we have described as the elder men, perhaps Mr. Radford makes the best show (in No. 135) with his lady at an old-fashioned high piano; but here again he shows himself cleverly imperfect, or imperfectly clever. Nothing can be better than the chord of colour struck by the red dress of the lady and the grey-and-white chair that she sits upon—nothing worse than the combination of sage green and cedar wood, elsewhere in the picture. But among the younger men, Mr. Arthur Hopkins ought not to be quite forgotten. He has a very graceful and a fairly robust drawing of two peasants who are soon to be lovers, making their way along a country road. And it is of course rather a question whether we are to count Mr. Tom Lloyd as among the figure painters. Figures certainly he draws, and draws them well, as in his "Rush Cutters" (No. 29); but one must always associate with his work the charm of afternoon landscape, of a golden distance, of a placid horizon. And Mr. Clausen again is a draughtsman of the figure in landscape, imitative, in one sombre drawing, of the subjects of Millet: more happily imitative, perhaps, in another, of the subjects and method of Bastien Lepage.

We cannot honestly say that the Royal Society owes much thanks to such of its younger members as are in chief landscapists. Mr. Brewtnall is scarcely any longer a younger member. There is originality in his "Abinger Hatch," and a certain grandeur in his representation of the dark valley which Christian traversed. The "brutality" of Mr. Robert Allan is seen no doubt to singular disadvantage against the ultra-refinement of North and the elegance of Mr. Eyre Walker. Finish that is not obtruded upon us cannot go any further than in Mr. North's "Late Autumn" (No. 110); and here he leaves, as the subject compels him to leave, the green and bright gold of his frequent choice, for the mellow harmonies of the advanced season. Mr. Pilsbury's finish is of a different sort. There is not a jot of it that he does not compel us to notice. A hard critic might wish to say the same of Mr. Birket Foster's, but this pleasant artist was, at all events, first in his method. He claims the particular courtesy due to the veteran; and, moreover, when he visibly elaborates, his aim is daintiness rather than self-display. The Brothers Fripp continue to exhibit landscapes of the sort now familiar to a whole generation of picture-seers. Mr. Alfred Fripp is unwilling to lose sight of the beauty of golden cliffs and of turquoise water. Mr. George Fripp—as much a veteran as the President or Mr. Birket Foster—displays a little more of the anatomy of the landscape—records its structure quite as much as its happy accidents of light and colour. There is a very large landscape by Mr. Clarence Whaite—"Harvest in Cambria" (No. 6). In size indeed it is monumental; nor is it quite lacking in force and in the seizure of atmospheric effect. We cannot, however, award to it—ambitious and "important" as it is—more than this tepid praise.

Let us pass to an order of work which we may be permitted to consider more interesting. To the refined landscape of Mr. Matthew Hale, for instance—to be sought by the visitor in more places than one—to the single example of Mr. Alfred Hunt, and the several drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin. Mr. Alfred Hunt, whose one work is a sombre poetic rendering of the town and towers of Windsor (No. 212), is hardly a popular painter; and there are artists and critics—and those, too, skilful ones—who fail to see, in the refinement he attains, just compensation for the obvious force he willingly sacrifices. Yet among those landscape painters who carry on the traditions of Turner—who recognise that in Art all is compromise, and that what is called "realism" is only a tenth part of the absolute truth—Mr. Hunt is assuredly one of the foremost. His landscape is not shallow enough to be the landscape of the immediate impression, and if it is alas! not always the landscape of energy, it is at least the landscape of zeal, and of the delicate application of learning. A vivacity which Mr. Hunt does not share is often Mr. Albert Goodwin's: a mental vivacity perhaps, rather than vivacity of hand—a quality which enables him to be easily varied, to be recognisant of charms and interests that are wide as the poles asunder. The real student of his drawings, however aware he may be—and he must be very well aware—that, tried by many a test Mr. Goodwin's chronicles fail, can summon up to memory vision after vision of scenes in each one of which Mr. Goodwin has recorded, with an exquisiteness or a power that is his own, just the charm and just the secret that would have escaped the ordinary eye. Mr. Goodwin once did himself the injustice of holding an exhibition of work that he had executed rapidly, it would appear, in order that the exhibition might be. Nothing would be more interesting than to see some day the varied volume of his labours. But he must have time; each work of his that has value at all has the value of a fresh creation; and it does not do to judge his present by his past, or his future by his present. We like him least when he ventures upon the landscape of history or incident. This time, in his "Sinbad," it is incident and not history; but it comes to the same thing. The treatment of the figures, which are bound to be considered where humanity plays a part, is wanting somewhat in the power and flexibility rarely lacking to the treatment of landscape. His "Zermatt" (No. 10) is in truth his most satisfactory drawing this year—the most Turnerian in its inclusion of many a fact—the most masterly in its painting of what is called the unpaintable. "Lucerne and Mount Pilatus" (No. 111) has, at first sight at least, two faults seemingly incompatible—the fault of theatricality, the fault of tameness. But look at it a second time. It makes perhaps its appeal to the imagination, after all—that appeal without which landscape Art is but the dull craft of the topographer. For once, if it be possible, Mr. Goodwin is commonplace; but that is in his "Sandwich." With something of the accustomed charm, he adds another to his many visions of Durham. This is a delicate little drawing, in which the outline—seemingly pen-drawn—of the buildings is allowed to count for much. It gives, after a method not infrequent with Mr. Goodwin, firmness and substance to those parts of the design in which substance and firmness are wanted; while to the pure wash of water colour is left, of course, the business of bestowing upon the place atmosphere, of endowing the scene with the charm of the desired hue. Modern as Mr. Goodwin is in many ways, there are ways also in which he, a student of Turner, as we have said, goes back to the practice of those who, in English water colour, were Turner's forerunners.

THRUMS GOSSIPS.

I.—THE REFORM CLUB, LONDON.

IF one's feet are not a stranger to Thrums they tingle to set off with him to Tammas Haggart's but and ben in the tenements; and here mine stopped me—though I wanted to reach my school-house before dusk—an eight days since come market day. Looking in at the window I saw the humourist breaking up the fire with his foot, near his wife Chirsty, who was filling pirms, while Dan'l Spens and Peter Duthie stood gazing at Tammas's back, the one abstractedly plucking threads of yarn from his corduroys and

the other chasing a piece of tobacco with his tongue—for each of us has his own way of trying to fathom Haggart's last remark.

I shook the door off the sneck, and groped past the pan and pitcher of water in the dark passage into Haggart's end. They had heard the rattle of the latch, for Chirsty was already on her feet, wearing a company face, Dan'l and Peter had stepped genteelly into a corner, and Haggart was sitting with stiff carelessness in the high-backed carved chair: his left eye, which is generally considered the more piercing, regarding a red peat a little sarcastically, and the other ready to receive a guest.

"Ou, it's just you," Chirsty said to me as if I were a visitor who did not count, while Dan'l and Peter emerged from their corner and Tammas stretched himself easily like one that has finished sitting for his photograph.

"We're expecting a visit frae Rob Angus," Haggart explained, "so you'll better bide a wee, dominie, and see him. Lads, lads, there has been changes since Rob helpit his father to cart wood for the dominie's shed!"

"You may say that, Tammas."

"Ay, Dan'l," answered Haggart, frowning at himself, "but I'm fell annoyed at mysel' for saying it, for it's what a' body says when Rob's mentioned, and I dinna like to catch mysel' saying ordinar things."

"No, man," said Peter, "it's the only ordinar' thing I've heard you say since Michaelmas, and—"

"Stop!" cried Haggart, holding up his hand. We fancied that he had heard the latch again; but no, he had rather heard a bell ringing inside him to announce that an idea was on the way.

"Ay, this is it," he said; "na, wait a minute—yes, I have him, I have him. If I hinna said an ordinar' thing since Michaelmas, an ordinar' thing frae me now is an extraordinar' thing. Ay, lathies, that's clear?"

"Man, Tammas," said Dan'l, admiringly, "I think you're mair extraordinar' than Rob himsel'."

"I dinna say that, Dan'l," said Haggart, "though you're no the only ane that thinks it."

Perhaps I agree with Dan'l, though Rob Angus is a remarkable man too. Once he had been the Thrums saw-miller; now he is a great literary character in London, and at this moment he is in his native place showing off his wife, whose father was a colonel.

"Ay, they're biding wi' his aunty, Susie Wilkie, on the Marywellbrae," Haggart told me.

"And queer they maun think it after their grand house in London," said Peter, while Chirsty stood at the window, keeking for the coming visitor.

"Queer and no queer," said Tammas, who can seldom afford to agree with anybody.

"She," remarked Dan'l, meaning his wife, "cried in at Susie's yestreen to get a look at them. Ay, it was gey curious."

"What was?"

"The wy Rob spoke to the wife—I mean to his ain wife. I dinna ken that I like it."

"But what did he say?"

"It was what he called her that scunnered Mag. Ay, he called her 'dear.'"

"And folk there?"

"And folk there, namely Mag and Susie. Mag is ready to take oath she heard him say, 'Hand me that book, dear,' and syne, 'Are you not sitting in the draught, dear?'"

"Losh, losh, I wouldna have thocht that of Rob Angus. And what was't she was sitting in?"

"The draught. It's a wicker chair they brocht frae London to Susie."

"It maun be fell trying to Susie to hear him saying 'dear.'"

"Ay, Mag says it keeps Susie frae being ower lifted up at having sic grand folk biding wi' her. But to think o' Rob Angus saying 'dear!'"

"It's astonishing to the like o' you twa," broke in Haggart, who had been reflecting, "but I canna say I'm staggered. I

dinna call Chirsty, there, 'dear,'—here he lowered his voice—"for I question if she would stand it, but on my travels I heard fouk flinging 'dear' about as though it was as cheap as porridge; and, lads, I got no to be nane shocked. But, of course, it all depends on whether you're a humourist. I see things, as I may say, wi' twa pair o' een. My ordinar een's what I use at the loom or supping my brose, but to look at a question like this I put on the een of humour. Ay, they're as useful as a set o' false teeth."

"One thing settled now, at ony rate," said Peter, "is that Rob's the great man we heard he was, the which some folk in this toon was loth to believe."

"I aye believed it," said Haggart, "and I dinna deny but what I saw an impressive proof o't the day after Rob arrived."

"What was that?"

"Weel, it was his wy of kicking books about with his feet. I didna mean to gang to see him afore he came to me, but, as you ken, Susie was in a mighty state about their wanting to make him a member o' the Reform Club in London, that being a trick to diddle him oot o' forty pounds."

"Forty what?"

"Pounds—yes, pounds. Ay, I thocht it would be shillings mysel', but I assure you it's pounds. Ay, then, Susie prigged wi' him to stop them electing him, but he wouldna hearken to her, and so she came to me. She was greeting, lads, as Chirsty can tell you, and she said she would never haud up her head again if he let himsel' be made sic a fule o'."

"Forty pounds! And what was he to get for it?"

"That was what Susie couldna make out, and her only hope was that if I argued it out in my most humorous wy I micht bring Rob to."

"I kent you had been to see him. Forty pounds!"

"Ay, I put on my blacks and stepped down to Susie's, her and me having arranged that Rob shouldna be telt about her coming to me. Weel, I was to tell you about the books. I was scarce sat down—and I mind Rob's wife was sitting in the draught—when Posty Dick whistles at the door and hands in a parcel. Lads, it was sax books frae an editor, and Rob gets them to himsel'!"

"What for?"

"For naething. He has just to write something about them, and syne they're his. Grand books they were, wi' gold on the outside and picturs. Ay, lads, Rob's high up the tree, or the editors wouldna be sending him sax books at a time."

"You take my breath awa. But they wouldna be spleet new books?"

"Spleet new they were, and listen to this: one o' them was called 'Lives of Famous Philanthropists.'"

"It was?"

"That's no what you're to attend to. No, it's this. The book fell off the table—and what does Rob do?"

"Gie a scream?"

"Not him; he just gave the book a wap with his foot, and says he, 'Let the rag lie, Tammas.' Ay, I hinna seen sic an impressive sicht since I became a humourist."

"And I mind that laddie being in my Sabbath-school class," said Dan'l. "It caws. That's all I can say. It caws."

"Ay, but forty pounds!" Peter was still muttering.

"Yes, forty pounds," said Haggart. "I put him off the scent for a while, and syne, I says 'What's this I hear about them drawing you in to a club whaur you pay forty pounds?'"

"It's far frae drawing me in," he says in his new English word. 'It'll be a great honour if I get in, but I doubt I winna.'

"Dinna believe sich havers, Tammas," cries Susie, putting her head in at the door.

"Weel, I waggles my head to Susie, for a sign to her to gang awa, and syne I says—

"'Rob,' I says, 'I kent your father and mither afore you was born, and so I can speak plain to you. Will you just tell me, to ease Susie's mind and keep up your name in Thrums, what you'll get out of this club?'"

"'It's the honour,' he says, backing awa frae my question.

"Can you draw siller oot o't when you're no weel?" I spiers.

"No," he says.

"Then," I says, 'does it provide for your widow?' and at that he shakes his head fell thrawnlike.

"Tell me, Rob," I says firmly, 'do you get board and lodging free for that forty pound?'

"Of course not," he says.

"You get naething?" I says; 'there's no so muckle as a turkey at New Year's time? Weel, Rob,' I says, 'if you have so little respect for your mither's memory, think o' your young wife.'

"You dinna understand," he says. 'I only wish I was sure o' being elected.'

"Make your mind easy on that point," I says, wi' mighty humour; 'they'll have their hands on your forty pound afore many days is past. And as for understanding, what I jalouse is that they're a pack o' rogues, and I consider it a black burning shame that the hale clamjamfray o' them is no jailed.'

"And so it is," said Dan'l, "but I've heard that if you tak your hands oot o' your pouches in London for a minute you're robbed o' every bawbee. Ay, I didna think Rob would have been so saft. If his mither had been living she would have had a sair heart this day."

"Forty pounds at a clink!" said Peter; "I think I'll better gang hame."

"Wheesht!" cried Chirsty, "I see him, and his 'dear's' wi' him."

"Dan'l," said Peter, "we'll better step. They're ower grand for you and me."

"You can hing about in the corner," Haggart said, "and turn your backs to them politely, and syne if Rob's frank you can be frank too. Hey, was that a chap? Ay, Rob didna use to chap when he came to my door."

As it turned out, I was the first to leave, but not until I had heard Rob say—

"Well, Tammas, I've been elected to the Reform, though it's more than I deserve."

I faltered at the door to hear Haggart's comment, for I knew it would be worthy of him.

"Ay, lad," he said, with a nod to Dan'l and Peter, "I was sure they would snick you in." J. M. BARRIE.

TWO DOVES.

(A PROSE POEM FROM THE RUSSIAN OF M. TOURGUÉNEFF.)

I WAS standing on the brow of a gently sloping hill. Before me, like a sea tipped with gold and silver, stretched as far as eye could reach ripe fields of rye, for it was harvest time.

But not a wave rippled over this sea; nor the gentlest breath fanned the stifling air; a great storm slowly gathered.

All around me the earth was still illuminated by a lurid scorching glare of sunlight. But below, beyond the fields of rye, though not far distant, a mass of dark blue cloud hung heavy on the horizon.

All was silent; nature drooped as if under an agonising spell, beneath the ominous lustre of the sun's last rays. Not a bird was to be seen or heard; the very sparrows had hid themselves. Only, from somewhere close by, the heavy flap of a burdock leaf disturbed the silence, while from below came the bitter scent of wormwood.

I watched that great dark mass of cloud, and an eager, restless impatience overcame me.

"Come! quick! more quickly!" I breathed. "Growl, oh thunder! Gleam and glitter, golden serpent! Come near, yea, nearer still! Pour forth, thou wicked cloud! End this agony of waiting."

But the cloud moved not.

It still oppressed the silent earth, and only grew greater and gloomier.

And behold! across the great blue space, something like a little white kerchief, or a great snow-flake, came falling smooth and even.

It was a dove, a pure white dove coming from the village. . . . It flew, flew on, straight as an arrow, and soon it disappeared behind the forest.

Some moments passed. . . . Still the same dread silence. . . . And behold *two* little white kerchiefs, *two* great snow-flakes returning side by side: they were *two* white doves flying towards the village; their flight was straight and sure.

The storm breaks at last, the fray begins. After much difficulty I reached home. The wind howled and roared with mad fury.

The great red clouds were rent apart, and dashed destruction on the earth: an eddying, whirling mass, a furious torrent of rain fell in swaying columns, lashing, beating; . . . blinding flashes of lightning; thunder pealing sharp like the roar of cannon, in a sulphur fume. . . . But under the eaves, close to the attic-window, two white doves had poised—the one which went to seek its comrade, and the comrade it had saved.

They coo, and plume and prune their soft breasts, and each gently caresses the pure white wing of its mate. They are happy. . . . And I also, I am happy—happy to see their love, though I am alone, alone for ever!

TRANSLATED BY H. S.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

AN incurable languor seems to hang over the existing House of Commons. On Monday it approached the second reading of the great Bill of the Session; and an interested House, as well as brilliant debate, might have been expected. The attendance of members, however, was by no means large, and an air of dulness and listlessness hung over the whole proceedings. If the House was indifferent when it assembled, Mr. Parnell's speech did nothing to stimulate or vivify it. The leader of the Irish party is always a cold, dry, and deliberate speaker; but he can usually state a case with a quiet force which is more telling than a more ambitious or noisy style. On Monday he was cold even to iciness, and dry even to dulness; and the result was that his attack on the Irish Land Purchase Bill was not so damaging as could have been desired. The grounds of attack which he selected were strong, and those who read Mr. Parnell's speech will probably be more impressed than those who heard it. The main objections which he took to it were that it would be unfair to the resident landlords, that, as long as coercion existed, the tenants could not bargain on equal terms with the landlords, and that the guarantees which professed to protect the British taxpayer were illusory and worthless. In the latter part of his speech Mr. Parnell explained a plan of his own for dealing with the land question. The scheme came upon the House as a surprise, and the hon. member's explanation of it was not as lucid as could be wished. Its great distinction as compared with Mr. Balfour's plan is that it would turn the tenants not into owners, but into perpetual leaseholders. Mr. Parnell's speech offered some openings to the Irish Attorney-General, but that gentleman was not able to use his opportunities. He made a nibbling reply at Mr. Parnell's criticism and flung some petty taunts at the occupants of the front bench. Sir G. Trevelyan gave in a forcible speech the front bench view of land purchase. They did not object to State purchase, but they believed that a scheme of that kind could only be carried out by the aid of local bodies in Ireland standing between the Imperial Government and the Irish tenant. In the course of the debate Mr. Wallace made a vigorous attack on the Bill, and his exposure of Mr. Balfour's so-called securities was clever and destructive. Mr. J. A. Bright

made his first appearance in the House as the patron and supporter of a Tory land Bill. He not only supported the Bill, but he brought from the grave, as it were, his father's blessing on the Ashbourne Act.

On Tuesday the Budget resolutions were again discussed, and passed their preliminary stage. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was obliged to listen to a good deal of sharp criticism of his proposals. Mr. Picton and Sir W. Harcourt told him that he had frittered away his surplus in remissions which would do little good, and that he would have done better to concentrate his operations on one great object. Mr. Goschen said the best he could in defence of his proposals, and contended that the consumers would receive the benefit of the reduction. On the vote for the suppression of the slave trade, Mr. Dillon made some charges against the East African Company in their treatment of natives, which excited considerable interest in the House. The Government were not able to give any satisfactory explanation on the subject, and the Committee consequently refused to allow the vote to be taken.

At the evening sitting on Tuesday, there was a discussion on the best means of enabling the working classes to obtain the benefits of profit-sharing. Its interest mainly centred in an unequal duel between Mr. Cunninghame Graham and Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Graham is a political dreamer, with a perverted taste for violent language; and he covers his own economical projects with unnecessary ridicule by the style in which he supports them. The hon. member loathes the idea of profit-sharing, and with a benevolent and comprehensive disregard of the laws of political economy insists that the working classes shall have all the profits of industry. Shallow controversialists like Mr. Graham fell an easy victim to Mr. Bradlaugh, who pulverised his crude ideas with resistless force. The House enjoyed the spectacle of the man of thin and superficial ideas in the destructive grip of the man of robust sense and sound knowledge. Mr. Bradlaugh did more than answer Mr. Graham. He gave him a deserved rebuke for his folly in exciting in the minds of ignorant men hopes that could never be fulfilled. The one practical result of the discussion was a promise on the part of the President of the Board of Trade to collect and publish information on the subject of profit-sharing. On Wednesday the temperance party achieved a signal triumph. The Bill before the House was the Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill, the object of which is to make permanent the Sunday Closing Act, to extend the measure to the exempted towns, and to close public-houses on Saturday nights at nine o'clock. The debate excited no interest on one side, and on the other it was the repetition of familiar arguments; but the division was a matter of great concern to the supporters of temperance agitation, and they were agreeably surprised by the splendid majority of 164. The Bill will undoubtedly pass this Session.

Mr. Gladstone resumed the debate on the Land Purchase Bill on Thursday, in a speech the great note of which was its magnanimity of tone. The opportunity was a tempting one for a party leader. The scheme of Mr. Balfour was in direct conflict with the pledges and policy of the Tory party at the election of 1886; and Mr. Gladstone might have held the Ministry and their followers up to the scorn of the country. He passed, however, lightly over this part of the case. His speech was a calm and weighty statement of the chief objections to the Bill. He criticised its policy on several points; but he opposed it especially because it made the Irish tenants the direct debtors of the Imperial Treasury, and because, under its conditions, the tenant and the landlord could not bargain on equal terms. Though Mr. Gladstone refrained in the main from recalling the utterances of the Unionist leaders on this question four years ago, he produced one telling quotation from Mr. Chamberlain denouncing State landlordism. Mr. Goschen, in his reply, imitated Mr. Gladstone's moderation of tone, and did not blaze out into those bursts of furious rhetoric which so often disfigure his Parliamentary efforts. The most remarkable thing in his speech was his invitation to Mr. Parnell to submit his scheme in the Committee on the Government Bill. This invitation came as a surprise to the House, and was by no means welcome to the

occupants of the Ministerial benches. Mr. Knox, the new member for Cavan, made a brilliant and damaging attack on the Bill, and created an excellent impression upon the House. Mr. Dillon's opposition to the Bill was powerful and menacing in its character, and it must have created some uneasiness on the Treasury Bench. The remainder of the speeches during the evening were not of first-class importance.

AUSTRALIA AND THE ROYAL VETO.

MELBOURNE, March 13, 1890.

SINCE the breaking up of the Intercolonial Conference, there has been little of interest to chronicle. Matters of moment have not turned up: the political world is quiescent, as it generally is during recess; the two leaders of opposition, Mr. Munro and Mr. Shiels, have not yet returned from England; and fashionable society is taking refuge in Tasmania, or "anywhere, anywhere, out of the way" of the excessive and protracted heat. The last week has been one of accidents and disasters. You will have heard, through the telegraph, long before this reaches you, of the terrible and at present inexplicable loss of the *Quetta*. So far it seems attributable to something wrong in the vessel: an explosion, or a leak caused by the chafing of the cargo. If a reef not marked on the charts was really in fault, it will certainly tend to make the inner passage route more than ever unpopular—at least, till it has been again sounded and mapped. The suddenness of the catastrophe—the ship foundering in three minutes in a calm sea—and the miraculous escape of one young lady, who was twenty hours in the sea, swimming and floating, or clinging to a raft, before she was picked up, are certain to give the wreck a more than ordinary celebrity as a narrative of adventure.

The telegrams from England about the Divorce Bill are exciting a little interest. As I told you in my first letter, that Bill was not the fruit of any sudden or violent impulse in the public mind. It has been before the country for three years; it has been passed, after full and competent discussion, by overwhelming majorities; it has not been opposed or petitioned against except in clerical circles; and when Mr. Balfour, a Victorian Newdegate, telegraphed home the other day that it did not represent the views or wishes of the majority, his language was generally condemned as unwarrantable and disingenuous. The supporters of the Bill, however, though they are thoroughly in earnest, as Mr. Shiels's presence in England has shown, did not trouble themselves to reply to Mr. Balfour, believing that his telegram would be disregarded, as it deserved to be. Almost the next news we heard was that Lord Knutsford would recommend that the Royal Assent should be given. We assumed, of course, that the matter was happily ended. To our astonishment, we find the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* gravely arguing that the Royal Veto is useless if it cannot be applied to cases of this kind, and a member of Parliament tabling a motion that the Premier shall not present the Bill for Royal Assent till the House of Commons has expressed an opinion upon it. Now the arguments of the two religious journals are of a perfectly legitimate kind. It is interesting, and rather flattering to our self-love, to be told that we have become a force in English society. Perhaps, in one way, we deserve to be. It is an advantage of our position, a small people in a new country, that we can afford to make experiments which it would be a little dangerous to try first in the Old World. England, surely, is not the worse for being able to study the effects of manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, secular and free education, and marriage with a deceased wife's sister, among a people half of whom were born under the shadow of the English Church and aristocracy. Neither, to the Colonial observer, does it seem as if the contagion of our ideas was very virulent. Our Education Act was passed in 1872. It has been almost an unqualified success, especially from being free and secular; but I notice that you in England are only just beginning to discuss if you shall follow where we have led. In the case of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, not only do you allow the House of

Lords to bar a reform which would have been law in England forty years ago if the people had been polled, but so little regard do you display for our interests, that the children of the second sister in such a marriage among us are not allowed to plead domicile, but are treated as bastards if they claim their share of an English inheritance. Surely, in view of such facts, the *Spectator's* fears must be treated as fanciful. Even if they are well grounded, however, we cannot submit to have the morals of the Mother Country maintained at our expense. Besides, the bargain would be a one-sided one. For instance, we have gone much further than England in the direction of Local Option. Does the House of Commons ever dream? and, I will add, is it bound to consider that the favour it shows to the publican interest has a very demoralising effect upon public opinion in Victoria? Yet it does not follow that the power to veto is worthless. Two years ago we passed a measure for regulating our commercial marine, which was found by the lawyers at home to clash with the Imperial Merchant Shipping Act. The Royal Assent was suspended till we promised to make all the changes that English interest required. Rely upon it, we shall never wish to interfere with Imperial legislation in its own proper domain; we will never allow our own right of self-government to be encroached upon. When we had altered the Divorce Bill, so that only those who had a Victorian domicile of two years could take advantage of its provisions, we had done all that England could legitimately demand. How to keep family life sacred and sweet within our own boundaries is our concern.

I can scarcely imagine that the proposal of Mr. Gedge to refer the matter to the arbitration of the House of Commons is more than an expression of individual petulance. The Government are bound to oppose it; no thoughtful statesman of any shade of opinion can wish to see it succeed. If, however, by some accident or intrigue the English Parliament is induced to interfere, you may rely upon it that all the Australian Colonies will unite to protest in very vigorous fashion. In some ways we are of course dependent upon the Imperial Parliament. It selects the Ministers who advise the Queen in Colonial matters; it determines the foreign policy of the Empire. None the less we claim to depend directly upon the Crown, and are not anxious to have our Bills sifted a second time in a House which we admit to be more dignified and important than our own, but to which we claim that our own is not subordinate. Some years ago our House of Assembly sent delegates to England to procure the alteration of an Imperial Act, our Constitution Act. The country was distracted and impoverished by a long struggle, and the alternative to this intervention seemed to be that the House of Assembly should levy taxes by its own authority, and forbid the judges to interfere. Nevertheless, the English Ministry of the day would only hold out a distant prospect of interposition; and the apparent indignity of carrying an appeal to England was so keenly felt in Victoria that it broke up the Liberal party. Judge if we should allow the English Parliament to veto a measure which has commanded as much general assent as any Bill dealing with a burning question is likely to do.

The arrival of Mr. Henry George in New South Wales deserves passing comment. He has come on a mission to preach the "single tax." He has been heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, and so far he has had no success, and awakened very little curiosity. The Trades Hall here has contemptuously dismissed a proposal to give him a reception, on the ground that, being a Free Trader, he cannot be a very trustworthy friend of the working man. Without undervaluing the strength of the Protectionist sentiment, I may be permitted to believe that there is an even stronger reason why Mr. George is unpopular. He has come to preach against landed property in a country where land is the favourite investment for the working man, and where land-owners are almost as numerous relatively as in France. He might as well preach against capital in Lombard Street. Perhaps our Liberal theories, and the assimilation of something like State Socialism, are a better safeguard against demagogues than even the admirable Continental police proves in practice to be.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE BASIS OF OPINION.

SIR,—I am a very ignorant person, but I want to learn. I can find time for about three hours' reading a day, excluding Sundays. Often I am at a loss what to read.

Take, for instance, the tithe question. I do not believe in accepting blindly the statements made either by the Bishop of St. Asaph or Sir William Harcourt. But what books am I to read so as to understand both sides of the question?

Could you see your way, sir, to advise your readers week by week as to what books they should study as various questions become ripe for discussion?

A reading nation, said Lord Rosebery a few days ago, is the only solid basis of national greatness. Let THE SPEAKER, then, advise us impartially, so that we may read wisely.—I am, &c.,
X.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, April 25, 1890.

SHAKESPEARE, it is believed, was born on the 23rd of April and Stratford-on-Avon has been doing homage to his name this week by attending performances of *Othello*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Lear*, and *King John*. The *Daily News* has published a leading article on the celebration, and with only one paragraph can we find any fault. "Shakespeare," it says, "was as happy in his birthplace as in all else. If the Muses had searched England through—as perhaps they did—they could have found no spot better suited to their purpose. Its position in the very heart of the country has an additional advantage of no mean order in precluding the otherwise inevitable attempt to claim the poet as a Scotchman."

Now I think the writer of the above sentence must be a Scot; and if I am right, I am sure he ought to have known better. For it is the business of a Scot to know what every one of his compatriots has said or done, and praise it; and this "otherwise inevitable attempt" *has been made*—made by a Scot who bears no less a name than Wallace Bruce. For my own part, speaking as an Englishman, I feel that to have used any other name would have shown better taste. To claim Shakespeare for Peebles was hard: but to sign the claim "Wallace Bruce" is what they call "rubbing it in." It is urged in verse, this claim:—

..... "it may yet appear
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire.
Let Avon be the border line,
Blot out the Tweed, or draw it fine:"

—sings W. Bruce (the name is less fearsome, written so), in a volume of verse recently published and entitled "In Clover and Heather" (Blackwood, 1889).

But there was once a Scot who asserted "Andromache" to be merely an abbreviated form of "Mrs. Andrew Mackay."

Mr. W. Bruce's countrymen used to be more modest when they visited Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street, Stratford. My authority is Mr. James Thorne, who described his wanderings by the Avon in 1845, and published his description at the house of Charles Knight & Co., Ludgate Street. Scotchmen (he says) when ushered into the small room where the poet was born, were quiet. They didn't kiss anything. They looked around for some time, and then asked, "Nae, boot is this Shakespeare's room?—an' whaur's Sir Walter Scott's name on the wall?" And having found the pencilled autograph, they eagerly carried their fingers over it—so eagerly that the name has long since vanished, rubbed out in excess of zeal.

This reminds me that I was sitting at a concert in St. James's Hall the other day when, about half-way through the performance, a Scot of my acquaintance entered and took his seat. Now, a

first I sat confounded, knowing that he loathes music and loves the pipes even as some love their morning bath—wholly for the reactionary glow. I was enlightened when, five minutes after, that gifted young musician, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, ascended the platform and began to conduct a symphony. My friend left as soon as it was over. His home (which he rarely quits) lay four miles away; and, consider it how you will, this was a beautiful action.

To return to Stratford. Search through the length and breadth of England, and you will discover nothing more utterly *bête* than the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in that town. I am not talking of the building itself—though the curse is on that also, and has made it a miracle of pretentious stupidity—but of the very intention of the building. The wonder about Shakespeare is that he captured the colour and music of sylvan England, and carrying them to London, had the art to keep them living in the heat and glare of the footlights. Even as it is, there are many competent critics who hold that this part of his work is better read than played. For instance, such lines as—

"Cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,"

or this—

"Their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each unto each."

or—

"The crowslips tall her pensioners be;"

or, not to multiply instances unnecessarily, the delightful nonsense of—

"The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

All these lose their colour, delicacy, and charm directly you transplant and place them in an artificial light, as surely as a salmon loses his silver on dry land, or a butterfly's wing its bloom in a specimen-box. Great dramatist as Shakespeare was, he forgot the stage now and then to listen to the winds of spring and the music of Avon, and it is just that part of his work that Stratford bears witness to. But to take the footlights down to Warwickshire, as actors persist in doing, and shout, "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!" within sound of Holy Trinity bells and the ripple by the Weir Brake, is a muddle-headed proceeding. I bow before the actor and his art; but Stratford on Avon is the one place in the world that I would pray him to let rigorously alone.

When, in September, 1769, Garrick organised the Shakespeare Jubilee on these meadows beside the Avon, Nature herself resented the profanity that she has been tamed to witness calmly. She rained "excessively" on the Grand Procession of the Principal Characters in Shakespeare's Plays, and on the Amphitheatre, "an elegant octagonal structure, in point of size not quite so large as Ranelagh." In fact, it was her day, and she made a gallant protest; but the tourist—*improbus anser*—has beaten her. Now-a-days, the first feeling of the pilgrim in Stratford is likely enough to be disgust. The famous birthplace is desperately restored, and full of rubbish—bad pictures, sham relics, pencilled signatures, and the chatter of the caretaker. In the streets you may buy beer with Shakespeare's head on the label, or a dozen views of Shakespeare, or a photograph of him, or a birthday book, or his effigies in the form of a letter-weight. You may put up at the Shakespeare Hotel—unless you happen to be an American, in which case you will rush to the Red Lion to look at the poker that Washington Irving held when he said that "the armchair was his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire"—a flat sentence and an anti-democratic to boot. All this ignoble worship

of things noble, this trade in a great name, may seem cause enough for disgust.

But the feeling is very shallow. The real charm of Stratford is rooted as deep as the love of home, and is felt surely enough when the pilgrim stands by the window of Ann Hathaway's cottage, or by the poet's tomb, within a few yards of the spot where Avon runs by one of the loveliest churches in England. It is felt most surely by Avon's banks. There is surely something significant in the fact that every one of the poets whom the world has agreed to place in the front rank lived beside moving water—I may almost say beside a river, for the Ocean was a river to Homer. And the Avon, though not counted among the chief rivers of this island, holds quite a peculiar place in our nation's history.

No large city stands on its bank; but it runs across the very heart of England, and because it must be crossed by any army marching south or north, the amount of English blood spilt beside it to cement the fabric of English history hallows it even more than the Thames is hallowed. It rises on Naseby Field; it flows down the Vale of Evesham and washes the graves of Simon de Montfort's men; and it joins the Severn "in a field by Tewkesbury." These three names are perhaps the most important in the story of our civil conflicts; and, if they are not enough, Bosworth Field and the Keinton Hills lie near its banks. I think Mr. Wallace Bruce may keep his Bannockburn, if he will only give up his plea that "Scotland takes in Warwickshire."

As far as I know, the Avon has never been directly celebrated in verse with any effect. John Dyer—Wordsworth's "Bard of the Fleece"—who held the living of Catthorpe on its brink, tried his hand. But few read even his "Grongar Hill." The Rev. Richard Jago, *Artium Magister*, author of "Edgehill; or the Rural Prospect Delineated and Moralised: a Poem in Four Books," is even more utterly forgotten. We must be content to find the inspiration of Avon in our Shakespeare only, to thumb his pages and make up our minds which line owed its beauty originally to Charlcote, which to Stoneleigh, which to Hatton Rock, Wasperton, Old Town, Bidford, Welford, Marcleave. Most likely we shall always be mistaken—

"Others abide our question; thou art free"—

but the mere task will meanwhile have done us incalculable good.

It would be an enthralling task, also, to determine this connection between poetic activity and running water. I suppose the song of water, whether in sea or stream, is the most rhythmic of the more obvious sounds in nature. Nor does it, like a bird's song, tease the ear to listen. And the thoughts most naturally attuned to it dwell naturally on the "Whither?" and the "Whence?" that are the two great speculations of the poets.

Φ.

REVIEWS.

THE SAD CASE OF THE COUNTRY PARSON.

THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

IN this volume we have a reprint of seven essays by Dr. Jessopp, originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *North American Review*. Their merit should certainly save them from the fate which so often befalls reprints. It is a curious but an undoubted fact that there is a reluctance in the public to buy a book which they might have read piecemeal in previous publications. That they did not read it matters nothing. There is of course an exception to this rule in the case of an author who rises to great fame; his scattered papers are then eagerly sought for, and, though they sometimes are of small worth, are largely bought.

Had he before his fame was established reprinted a selection of his best essays, they would in all likelihood have met with neglect merely because they were not new. From this fate we trust that Dr. Jessopp's pleasant little book is free. The magazine-writer is under strong temptations to indulge in platitudes and fine writing, and to manufacture fun. To these temptations Dr. Jessopp has occasionally yielded. Nevertheless we have received too much pleasure from his book to wish to be a severe critic. He must indeed be a cross-grained fellow who would not be put into good-humour with so cheery and hearty an author. Through his pages there is a pleasant wholesome breeze constantly blowing, which is most refreshing after the sickly and as it were incense-laden writings of so many of his brethren among the clergy. He is a man first and then a priest. He detests, as every honest Englishman should detest, those apes of Rome who in their ridiculous garb and their affectations are an eyesore to our streets, and in their arrogant pretensions are worthy of being made Bishops of Salisbury. He laments over "the large incursion of young men into the ministry of the Church of England, who are not gentlemen by birth, education, sentiment, or manners, and who bring into the profession (regarded as a mere profession) no *capital* of any sort—no capital, I mean, of money, brains, culture, enthusiasm, or force of character." He goes on to contrast the curates of his younger days with those by whom society is at present infested. Very pleasantly he writes: "I am not much more ignorant than other men of my age, but I never did pretend to omniscience, and when I don't know a thing I am not ashamed of asking questions. But our modern curates never ask questions. 'Inquire within upon everything' seems to be stamped upon every line of their placid faces. When I was a young curate I was very shy and timid, and held my dear rector in some awe. It might have been hoped that as the years went by I should have grown out of this weakness—but no! I am horribly afraid of the *curates* now. I dare hardly open my mouth before my superiors, and that they are my superiors I should not for a moment presume to question. I know my place, and I tremble lest I should betray my silliness by speaking unadvisedly with my lips. All this is very trying to a man who will never see sixty again."

It is, we fear, in vain that Dr. Jessopp laughs at these silly fellows. They are too stupid to understand, or even to feel ridicule. Even if a well-aimed shaft does wound them, they are never vanquished, but fall back for support on that vast corps of Amazons who in the present day are the mainstay of the Ritualistic Church.

While we admire so much the position taken by our author towards these pests of society, we cannot altogether give him that sympathy which he demands for the country parsons. For himself he asks for none. In his solitude he knows no loneliness. He has acted up to the Spanish proverb that "he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." He carried into the wilderness his well-stored mind and his books, and his home is rich in learning, occupation, and happiness. "I cannot," he writes, "expect to be envied, but surely it is not such a very heavy calamity for a man never to catch a sight of *Truth* or *The World*, or to find that there is not such a thing as an oyster-knife in his parish." In spite of this wise and humorous reflection, he goes on to lament the lot of the country rector or vicar, as if his case were one of unusual hardship. We can readily believe that not unfrequently they have to bear "an amount of patronising impertinence which is often very trying" from the squire, and still more from "the come-and-go people who hire the country-houses which their owners are compelled to let." But then surely they have their compensations. They too often patronise in their turn, and transmit, if we may so say, the pressure of impertinence from themselves to the village schoolmaster, the tradesman, and the cottagers. Even if they do not do this themselves, it is very often done for them by their wives and daughters, who, so far from looking at an Englishman's home as his castle, regard it rather as a place where he and his family may be lectured, patted on the back, and physicked by "their betters." Neither can we see any excessive hardship in the case of the reverend gentleman who, "one year with another calculates that he has to walk at least 1,500 miles in the way of duty." Four miles and a ninth of walking a day—for that is all it comes to—very many men willingly take every afternoon of their lives, and are not conscious of deserving thereby anything more than a good appetite for their dinner. What would the good old bishop have thought of such walking as this, who, calling back the youthful Hooker, who was starting for Oxford, said, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which

hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease; and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany." Surely if any pity of this kind is to be given, it must be bestowed on the country postman, whom Dr. Jessopp so warmly and so justly praises for "his years of stubborn jog-trotting."

If we will not feel for these rectors and vicars in their loneliness and their four-and-a-ninth-miles daily walk, still less are we moved by that "absolute finality" which, according to our author, "makes the country parson's position a cheerless and trying one. He is shutting himself out from any hope of a further career upon earth." But to how many men is any hope of a further career open? Is the village baker to be wept over because he can never hope to become the village butcher? Over the family doctor shall we drop the sympathetic tear because he can never become the family solicitor? Hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, is surely never quite lost to the parson. Strange things have before now happened. As Cincinnatus was called from his plough to be a Dictator, so Canons and Deans and even Bishops have been summoned from country livings. It is not to the town pulpits that all the good things fall. Even in the wilderness piety has been known to put forth its flowers and bear abundant fruits. At all events there are rewards for modest ambition. A man may hope, without indulging in any extravagant wishes, in due time to become a rural dean and even an archdeacon. But if "absolute finality" is to be his lot, nevertheless he shares in those hopes which are common to all his neighbours—the hopes each year of a good season, of abundance in his garden, his orchard, and his glebe land, and of increase in his stock. If he is a married man and has children, he has those hopes which naturally twine round them. If he is a bachelor, he has the hope of getting a good wife. But if he has not taken with him to his quiet home either love of the work which he is hired to do, or the scholar's love of reading, or delight in country pursuits and country pleasures, then he is to be pitied neither more nor less than any other man who has foolishly chosen for himself a path in life which he is not fitted to pursue. He feels his lot, no doubt, more keenly, because he has much more leisure time than most men in which to feel it. But the remedy for that lies not in grumbling, but in work. "The Progress of Discontent" in the country parson was humorously described by Thomas Warton nearly a century and a half ago, and the description, to judge from these pages, seems to be still true to nature. Dr. Jessopp is himself so free from these useless discontents, and is so bright an example of learned cheerfulness, that it is a pity that he does not laugh at his grumbling neighbours instead of mourning over them.

If we cannot agree with him in all that he says about the clergy, we are at one with him in his views about the churches. He mourns over the irreparable mischief which has been done in the last thirty or forty years by the restorers. The wildest fanatics of the Reformation, the cannon of Cromwell, even the white-washing churchwardens of last century, have not worked half the harm which has been wrought by the last and present generation of the clergy. "We talk with pride," he says, "of our National Church. Is it not time that we should begin to talk of our *National Churches*, and time to ask ourselves whether the ecclesiastical buildings of this country should not be vested in some body of trustees or guardians or commissioners who should be responsible at least for their preservation? Is it not time that we should all be protected from the random experiments of 'prentice hands and the rioting of architectural buffoonery?' He even goes so far as to propose that a law should be enacted by which any person, whether parson or clerk, warden or sidesman, architect or bricklayer, man or woman, who should be found guilty of even driving a nail into a rood-screen, without the licence of a duly constituted authority, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanour, and sent to prison without the option of paying a fine. Such severity, however wholesome and even desirable, is perhaps more than the country would at present tolerate. It might be sufficient if the offender were required to repair the village pound at his own expense, and then to stand in it on three following Saints' days with a bundle of hay before him. Dr. Jessopp's vigorous protest against these reckless innovators will do good. The parsons are not all mischievous; many of them are well-meaning men enough, only very ignorant. They can in many cases be taught to admire, or else can be compelled by very shame to spare those beautiful buildings which have been spared by time, and are now threatened by restorers. Nevertheless, we should like to see them secured in the way which our author suggests. They are national property, and by the nation they ought to be defended. We hope to see a Board of Conservators of the Churches at once established, with Dr. Jessopp as the first chairman.

Did space allow us we would willingly consider the judicious proposals which he makes for the safe-keeping also of ancient documents. He is not only a good antiquary but a wise one. But we must not conclude our notice without a word of praise for the way in which his publisher has done his part of the work. The book in itself is, as we have said, lively and humorous and full of interest; but its attractiveness is a great deal increased by the excellence of the type and the paper in which it is presented to the public. Everyone in orders, from the Archbishop to the youngest deacon, ought to have a copy, and it is so pretty a work in its outside appearance that it would grace the drawing-room of those of the clergy who do not happen to have either a study or a library.

THE POPE AND THE JOURNALIST.

THE POPE AND THE NEW ERA: BEING LETTERS FROM THE VATICAN.
By William T. Stead. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

MR. STEAD, as we all know, is one of those enthusiasts who do not believe in insuperable difficulties when they have set their hearts on the accomplishment of a great purpose. "By heredity, by education, and by the associations of a lifetime," he is, he admits, "cut off as by a mental and moral abyss from the Church of Rome," and therefore lacks that intelligent sympathy without which real knowledge of an opponent's point of view is well-nigh impossible. But this lack of qualification for his task did not prevent Mr. Stead from going to Rome in order to learn at first hand if the Church of Rome could be induced to take the lead in grappling with the various problems which the rapid progress of democracy is forcing to the front.

Yet, after all, Mr. Stead is not quite so incompetent for the task which he set himself as he imagines. Ardent Protestant and Radical as he is, and deeply prejudiced, he has in an unusual degree the rare power of detaching himself from his normal mental attitude and looking at a subject from a point of view which is strange to him. These "Letters from the Vatican" show no lack of appreciation of what is truly great and noble in the Church of Rome. In seeking to enlist her marvellous organisation and spiritual forces into the service of the cause which he has so much at heart, he has no desire to trench on any of the prerogatives which belong to the essence and well-being of the Church as a Supernatural Society in the midst of men. The Pope might follow Mr. Stead's suggestions without surrendering any of the privileges and endowments which belonged to the Church of Rome when the Papacy was without any Temporal Power other than that which his spiritual office gave him. But Mr. Stead found another view dominant at the Vatican. From the Pope at the summit of the hierarchy down to the meanest chamberlain, he found every official possessed by the belief that the possession of Temporal Sovereignty is essential to the proper discharge of the Pontiff's office as the chief ruler of Christendom. So engrossing is this belief, that those are regarded as bad Catholics who even entertain the opposite view as one admitting of discussion. It is certainly surprising that these champions of the Temporal Power, including the Pope, do not see the serious dilemma in which this claim places them. For if Temporal Sovereignty is essential to the Pope as universal bishop and supreme head of the Church, what are we to say as to his official position during the centuries—and they nearest the cradle of Christianity—when temporal Sovereignty did not exist and was not dreamt of? Must we not say that in those centuries he was not recognised either as universal bishop or as supreme head of the Church? The extreme upholders of the Temporal Power of the Pope are thus furnishing a strong argument against the spiritual claims of the Papacy. Mr. Stead brings out with great force the mischief which this exaggerated reliance on the Temporal Power has done and is doing to the Church of Rome everywhere. One striking illustration of it is the present Pope's mismanagement of the Irish question. When, at the suggestion of Archbishop Croke, a testimonial to Mr. Parnell was started in Ireland, the Pope sought to conciliate the English Government by forbidding Irish Catholics to contribute to the testimonial. The result was that the subscriptions to the Parnell testimonial were speedily doubled. A sum of £20,000 was asked, and £40,000 was given. The Papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign was a mistake of the same kind. The Pope fulminated his condemnation on a one-sided view of the question, and thus forced his spiritual authority into unnecessary conflict with the convictions not merely of the Irish peasantry, but even more with the Roman

Catholic bishops and clergy. On this point Mr. Stead quotes the following observations made to himself by Archbishop Walsh:—

"I confess that at first I was a little startled at the Plan of Campaign. I was not only startled but grieved. I had never yet had cause to express my dissent from any portion of the programme of the present National movement. Notwithstanding all my sympathy with the movement, the adoption in this diocese of any unjust or immoral means for the furtherance of its object would, of course, put upon me the painful duty of publishing an episcopal condemnation of it. We Catholics cannot act on the principle—rather fashionable, I am sorry to say, now-a-days—that 'the end justifies the means.' So, apprehending that the Plan of Campaign might at any moment be brought into requisition in this diocese of Dublin, I was grieved to think, as I did think for the moment, that it might perhaps prove inconsistent with my duty, as bishop of the diocese, to abstain from a condemnation of it. But when I looked into the matter carefully my anxiety was relieved. On closer inspection the difficulties that had at first embarrassed me practically disappeared."

But the Pope, in his anxiety to conciliate a Government which might be useful to him, if only by abstention, in his efforts for the restoration of the Temporal Power, never gave the Plan of Campaign that "closer inspection" which corrected Archbishop Walsh's first impression. The Irish accordingly treated the Pope's Rescript as a dead letter—the prejudiced pronouncement of a foreign ecclesiastic who had been misled into condemning a political movement of which he had not mastered the facts. The Pope's authority was consequently strained, but the Plan of Campaign was not abandoned.

But, notwithstanding Mr. Stead's disillusionment by much that he saw and heard at Rome, he returned to England with the conviction that the Papacy has still a great future before it in stimulating and regulating all the healthy aspirations of what he calls "the New Era." The Social Question, International Arbitration, and the Emancipation of Woman, are, in particular, three great questions on which the Pope, Mr. Stead thinks, is likely to exercise a potent and beneficial influence. But it seems also to be his opinion that this cannot be until the Pope removes his throne from the Vatican to neutral territory, and there is a redistribution of the Cardinalate. While the College of Cardinals retains its immense preponderance of Italians, there can be no serious change in the policy of the Vatican.

Many of our readers of course read Mr. Stead's letters as they appeared in the daily press; but they are well worth preserving in a permanent form. To those who have not read them, we may say that they are written in a bright and crisp style, which carries the reader easily along. But they have more than style to recommend them. They are full of good matter and, for the most part, sound reasoning.

THE POEMS OF LEWIS MORRIS.

THE WORKS OF LEWIS MORRIS. With Portrait. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

It is difficult to believe that eighteen years have elapsed since the attention of the reading public was arrested by the publication of the first series of "Songs of Two Worlds"—a volume which made its appearance with no name upon the title-page, but merely the modest intimation that the poems which it contained were the work of "A New Writer." It was immediately recognised that the new writer, whoever he might be, was no callow scribbler of feeble and halting verse, but a man who showed at once that he possessed true lyrical strength, and considerable mastery of the resources of rhythm. Since then, generally after an interval of two years, Mr. Lewis Morris has issued the second and third series of "Songs of Two Worlds," "The Epic of Hades," "Gwen," "The Ode of Life," "Songs Unsung," "Gycia—a Tragedy," and "Songs of Britain;" and now it is possible to possess all these poems in a volume of five hundred pages, which has just been published at a popular price. Refinement and sympathy, and the power to idealise the familiar sights and sounds of a great city, are apparent alike in Mr. Morris's earlier and later poems. Everywhere he shows a manly and even reverent tenderness for the waifs and strays of humanity, and he possesses, moreover, the power to interpret, not unfrequently with dramatic force, the unsuspected nobleness which lurks in lives which to more careless eyes seem hopelessly prosaic and uninviting. We pity the man, to say nothing of the woman, who could read "Children of the Street," "In Trafalgar Square," or "The Organ Boy" without responsive emotion. There are, of course, superior people who disdain such subjects for the muse, and they possibly see nothing attractive in many of the themes in dealing with which the skill of Mr. Morris is most

apparent. Their criticisms, however, suggest four lines in one of the poems we have quoted :—

—A commonplace picture
To commonplace eyes,
Yet full of a charm
Which the thinker will prize."

Many of the shorter poems contain delicate imaginative pictures, evidently drawn from real life, but full of a beauty of thought and expression which, if we mistake not, will give them a permanent place in English literature. In saying this, we are by no means blind to the limitations of Mr. Morris's work, or the blemishes which mar the symmetry of his more ambitious poems. Possibly, ten years ago, there was a tendency to exaggerate the merits of "The Epic of Hades" and "The Ode of Life"; and Mr. Morris probably himself was occasionally inclined to wince under the excessive laudation of some widely influential but non-critical friends, who were never tired of extolling poems which perhaps would have fared better without a kind of gratuitous advertisement, which they certainly did not need. "The Epic of Hades" may be an unequal poem, but its remarkable merit can scarcely be seriously challenged. There is no lack of ambition in such a theme, and it is one which immediately suggests the great name of Dante; but Mr. Morris interprets the myths of classic antiquity in the light of the nineteenth century, and the manner in which he has drawn Phædra, Sisyphus, Clytemnestra, Andromeda, and other shadowy figures in the remote past, and at the same time brought out into fresh significance the undying moral of ancient legend, entitles him to rank with the most cultured and imaginative of contemporary poets.

"The Ode of Life" long ago made its own welcome in thousands of English homes, where its lofty and often impassioned delineation of the facts and forces which shape existence won instant recognition. Elevation of tone and moral fervour mark "The Ode of Life" and give it a subtle power, and as this is linked with imaginative insight into human character, and melodious force of expression, the popularity of the poem—in spite of an occasional descent into the commonplaces of thought and expression, and mere prettiness of phrase—is not a matter for surprise. The legends of Wales, to which Mr. Morris has given a peculiarly graceful setting, occupy, with a few shorter poems, the closing pages of this collected edition of his works. "The Curse of Pantannas" is, in our judgment, one of the strongest poems which the author of "Songs of Two Worlds" has yet written. It traces the doom which fell across the race of one who drove the iron plough through the mystic rings of the hitherto "inviolate mead," where the fairies held their moonlit revels. Each of the legends is introduced in a prologue, in which, with a few bold strokes, the contrast between the prosaic life of the garish modern world and the "enchanted twilight of the past" is skilfully indicated. Not the least beautiful of the later short poems are the verses addressed "To a Gay Company" of Celandines, which each year "bloom golden in the springy grass," as if sent to revive the resurrection hope in the singer's heart—"At last, from close depths, dark and dead, I, too, shall greet the Sun."

There are many passages in this volume over which we should like to linger, but we turn back to the lines, "To an unknown Poet"—Henry Vaughan, the Silurist—to borrow some final words from an exquisitely tender and suggestive poem :—

"Thou art so high, and yet unknown : shall I
Repine that I too am obscure ?
Nay, what care I though all my verse shall die
If only it is pure ?"

TOZER'S "ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN."

THE ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN. By the Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer, M.A., F.R.G.S., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. With Maps. Oxford : at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

THOSE who have read any of the books in which Mr. Tozer has recorded his previous journeys, and especially his "Highlands of European Turkey," or his "Turkish Armenia and Asia Minor," know that he stands in the front rank of modern travellers. He is a patient and unwearied explorer, an accurate and graphic describer of what he sees; and he carries the art of condensation to so high a point that we could sometimes wish he would make us linger longer over the historic spots which he makes so real by his clear and faithful pen. He has compressed into this little volume of three hundred and fifty pages matter which would

have furnished forth two bulky octavos to writers of less conscientious self-restraint. Mr. Tozer is altogether a traveller of the severer order. He writes primarily for the scholar and the historian; nor will the mere circulating library reader find in his pages much to while away a lazy hour. Yet even one who is not a scholar or a historian may read with interest the vivid picture of Patmos, or the remarks on the strange physical phenomena of Santorin and Lemnos, or the records of native insurrections and Turkish atrocities in Crete and Chios.

The explorations whose results are set out in the book seem to have been made in three separate journeys, undertaken in the years 1874, 1886, and 1889. In the first Mr. Tozer visited the Central and Southern Cyclades, and the western half of Crete; in the second he dealt with Lesbos and the isles towards the Asiatic coast, as far south as and including Rhodes; while the third was devoted to the very interesting and little-known northern isles, Lemnos, Thasos, and Samothrace. The difficulties of reaching these three islands are great, though they lie comparatively near the coast, and the accommodation is of course rather scanty, but the scenery seems to be far more striking than that of the Cyclades, which indeed, as one sails through them on the way north from the Cape of Malea to Syra, *en route* for Athens or Smyrna, are far from answering to the romantic expectations which the traveller has formed, so bare and arid do they look, so wanting in the softer elements of beauty, as well as in variety of sky-line.

There is hardly a page of the book which does not contain some fact or remark deserving to be noted; but the points which the classical scholar will probably find most interesting, besides the rambles in the three northern islands, are the description of the topography of Mitylene, and the account of the tunnel under the mountain behind Samos. This very remarkable work is mentioned by Herodotus in his famous chapters on Samos and Polycrates in the third book, wherein he says that three of the greatest works in all Greece had been executed by the Samians. For that time, and considering the resources of the commonwealth which created them, these three were really remarkable pieces of engineering, though the vastness of scale on which the huge works of Egypt in earlier, and of Rome in later, times were carried out, makes us forget that the Greeks were in their best days scarcely less proud of their exploits in this practical field than they were of their artistic triumphs. The first of the three was the great temple of Hera, whereof only a single column is now standing. The second was a mole or breakwater protecting the harbour, which the historian describes as a quarter of a mile long, and more than one hundred feet deep, and which, according to Mr. Tozer, the inhabitants have lately been repairing. The third is the tunnel, which, says Herodotus, has been made under a hill nine hundred feet high, and is seven furlongs long by eight feet in height and width. As this work has not been mentioned by any other ancient writer, many have doubted its existence, just as Mr. Sayce, with an equally perverse and unscholarly scepticism, has more recently sought to cast doubt upon other statements made by Herodotus, merely because the data for proving them are not now available. It was not till 1882 that the mouth of the tunnel was accidentally discovered, and the substantial accuracy of the Herodotean description established. Mr. Tozer mentions the fact, interesting to us who have carried mountain tunnelling to so high a point of perfection, that the work must have been, like the (much shorter) conduit of the Pool of Siloam at Jerusalem, carried on from both ends, till the working parties met in the middle. Considering the length of the excavation, this indicates no small skill in the directing engineer, Eupalinus of Megara, though it seems that he did not calculate levels quite as accurately as direction, for the angle of inclination changes rather abruptly at the point where the two excavations meet.

Lemnos deserves and receives a full treatment, for in addition to the numerous matters of historical interest associated with it, it presents two curious physical questions. One of these is the total disappearance of all traces of volcanic action, although the ancients from Sophocles downwards talk of the natural fire which existed there, and even give us the name—Mosychlos (mentioned by Antimachus)—of what seems to have been a volcano no longer existing. The same connection of the isle with fire appears even in Homer, for it was on Lemnos that Hephestus fell when Zeus threw him out of heaven. Mr. Tozer, who declares that the specimens of rock which he brought away with him were all granite or quartzite, adopts the view that the Mosychlos of antiquity stood on a promontory which formerly projected from the east coast of the island, and is now represented by the dangerous shoal marked in the Admiralty Chart and called Mythonaes. This hypothesis is rendered plausible by the fact that an island, called by the ancients Chryse, and in which

Philoctetes is said to have been bitten by the serpent whose wound so long disabled him, is stated by Pausanias to have been submerged before his own time, and is certainly no longer to be found. It is much to be wished that some competent geologist would examine the shores of Lemnos, and, in particular, this Mythonaes shoal. No other traces of volcanic action seem to exist among the northern islands, nor on the neighbouring shores of Thrace and Mysia. The other physical puzzle of Lemnos is the Lemnian earth or Lemnian vermilion (*Λημνία γῆ, Λημνία μύλος*), which was of such high repute in antiquity as a medicinal agent, being largely used as an antidote to poisons (especially to snake-bites), and in more recent times as a remedy in the plague, dysentery, and other disorders. Even now the Turks value small bowls made of it as preservatives against the effect of poison. Mr. Tozer describes the hole in the hillside from which the earth is still dug, and the ceremonies attending the digging, which till a very few years ago included the sacrifice of a lamb by the Turks, and the sacrificial eating of a piece of fish by the Christians, and compares them with the ceremonies recorded by Galen, which included offerings by the priestess of Artemis. The earth can only be dug on the 6th of August, before sunrise, and the custom, as old as Pliny's and Galen's time, of sealing as a guarantee of genuineness the small cakes or tablets—we are told that in the sixteenth century the Jews were in the habit of counterfeiting or adulterating it—into which it is made up, seems still to exist, though Mr. Tozer was unable to find any tablets in the chemists' shops. However, it may be doubted whether the earth now taken out of the hole is really that of Galen's time, for he describes it as red, even the surface of the hill being of the colour of ochre; and the French traveller Belin, writing in the sixteenth century, also calls it red; whereas what was shown to Mr. Tozer, as to Dr. Sibthorp in last century, was pale-coloured clay. Analysis has shown that this clay contains nothing to which a medicinal effect can be attributed; but it is quite possible that the original red earth may have really been of therapeutic value.

Space fails us to follow Mr. Tozer into Thasos, which he describes as the most beautiful of all the Greek isles, or into Samothrace, whose splendid mountain peaks, towering over the lower-lying Imbros, no one who has seen them from the plain of Troy can ever forget. His description of the view, from the highest of these peaks over the whole northern sea from Olympus in the west to Ida in the east, worthily closes one of the most instructive narratives of travel one can recollect to have ever read.

LEAVES FROM A WITHERED BOUGH.

THE UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. With a Preface and Annotations by James Hogg. Two vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

LANDOR's phrase, "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," which Mr. Hogg applies to this collection, is a plausible but not a precisely accurate description of the contents of the two interesting volumes. De Quincey was a middle-aged tree before he bore any fruit at all; but Mr. Hogg's collection is not drawn from his latest writings. It contains some of the first things that he wrote as well as some of the last—specimens, in fact, of his work at all stages. The principle of collection is indicated in the title. It is simply to reprint scattered papers that were not included in the collection edited by De Quincey himself. They are here because they were not there.

When an author makes a collection of his miscellaneous writings in his own lifetime, and that collection extends to fourteen volumes, the presumption is against anybody who undertakes to supplement it. To do so looks like disrespect to the wishes of the dead. An author himself should know best by what writings he desires to be represented to posterity. But if it is a question of justice to an author's reputation, a good deal turns upon whether his own edition was designedly and deliberately complete. Mr. Hogg had special opportunities of knowing whether this was so in De Quincey's case. His father was De Quincey's publisher, and he was himself De Quincey's assistant in preparing the original collective edition for the press. His assurance that the veteran author, had he lived to continue his labours, would have included many of the writings now reprinted, accords with everything that we know of the Opium-eater's character and habits and the circumstances of the case. Death interrupted the old man before he had time to survey the collection as a whole and decide upon its completeness. We may depend upon it that the fourteenth volume would not have been the last pro-

duced under his editorship, if he had lived longer. And all his work, however pressing the occasion for it, was so fastidiously finished in expression that no possible harm can be done to his reputation by adding to his own collection.

Mr. Hogg makes out a thoroughly sound *prima facie* case for his supplement; no reasonable exception can be taken to it as an infraction of the author's own intentions. The writings it contains are worth preserving, and they are varied enough in matter and manner to show De Quincey's powers over their whole range. And yet the supplement, as a supplement, has two serious defects: Mr. Hogg has delayed it too long, and there are signs that, after all, he has published in a hurry. Some of his most substantial articles—the exposition of Kant, the sketch of Christopher North, and the Casuistry of Duelling—are no longer "uncollected"; they have been included in the new collective edition now in course of publication by the Messrs. Black. The "Brief Appraisal of Greek Literature in its foremost pretensions" is also promised in the same series, the praiseworthy object of which is entire "completeness." In the case of this last paper, by the way, it may be doubted whether De Quincey would have republished it without considerable annotations. It is a rapid and brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, taking the form of a mock-ferocious depreciation of Greek literature, but having for its real object the defence of English literature against the ignorant neglect and disparagement of classic pedants. This lively contribution to the old "Battle of the Books" has much less significance now than when it originally appeared in *Tait's Magazine* some fifty years ago. The particular species of conventional pedant against whom its fun was directed, statements being purposely exaggerated to make him stare and gasp, has almost disappeared, and the humour of it is consequently somewhat out of date, and apt to be misunderstood by the unwary reader. Even as a monument of De Quincey's vivid scholarship and searching critical insight, it must be measured in relation to its time, when this kind of knowledge was rarer, and the opinions expressed were much more paradoxical.

As regards what we take to be signs of hurry in Mr. Hogg's publication, they are slight, and perhaps haste is not the right explanation of them; but they are none the less irritating, and ought not to have existed in a long meditated edition. Such misprints as "Theogins" for Theognis, and "*ignotium*" for *ignotum*, are inexcusably careless, and the English is sometimes defaced in a similar way. We have observed some instances, too, in which the editor has failed to annotate where justice to his author required him to say something. Thus, for example, he reprints from the *London Magazine* of 1822 an insignificant scrap on the "Moral Effects of Revolutions." De Quincey handles the topic at length in his papers on the Cæsars, and the editor ought in fairness to have mentioned this. If he did not, at least he ought to have explained the discrepancy between what De Quincey says in the two places about Coleridge's treatment of the same subject. Again, in his reprint of the fantastically ingenious emendation of a passage in Suetonius, the passage about Aelius Lamia, there is a slight, but nevertheless real, injustice done to De Quincey. In Mr. Hogg's reprint there appears a sentence alleging that one of the MSS. has the reading *Hæu taceam*, a reading which would tally beautifully with De Quincey's emendation. But De Quincey himself reprinted the speculation in his original collection, being naturally proud of it as one of the most ingenious and far-fetched ideas that ever occurred to the mind of interpreter; and in his revised edition he struck out this sentence about the unique MS. reading in his favour. Mr. Hogg ought certainly to have noticed this: ill-natured people using his edition might make it a handle against the Opium-eater's honesty as a scholar, and accuse him of manufacturing a text to suit his own purposes.

The longest and most curious piece in Mr. Hogg's collection is an elaborate tale, "The Household Wreck." Strangely enough, Mr. Hogg does not tell us where this first appeared, nor does he tell us whether it is original or translated. He gives such particulars scrupulously in every other case, and explains in his preface that he has often been at great trouble in ascertaining them: why he should plant down "The Household Wreck" simply, without a hint as to where he found it, we cannot imagine. The story, if story it can be called, in which the general reflections constitute nine-tenths of the whole writing, bears unmistakable internal evidence of being De Quincey's handiwork, and is chiefly interesting as an experiment in the application of his gorgeous rhetoric to a simple and wretchedly painful domestic tragedy. It is an experiment, a solitary experiment, and it cannot be said to have been a success: the slight basis of incident is fairly overwhelmed by the heavy mass of elaborate diction.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. SYRLIN. By Ouida. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. KIT AND KITTY: A STORY OF WEST MIDDLESEX. By R. D. Blackmore. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.
3. THE LAWTON GIRL. By Harold Frederic. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
4. AGNES SURRIAGE. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.

OIDA has written a new novel, and yet the novel is not new. It is only new because it came out this year. As far as the subject and the principal characters are concerned, she has merely plagiarised from herself. We are not saying that the book is without interest. Some will be delighted with the easiness with which they can discover that one of the minor characters is really Lord Salisbury, and that another is Laurence Oliphant. Others may, perhaps, be charmed by the recondite learning which refers to Nero fiddling while Rome was burning; which writes such a sentence as "a London fashionable crowd is like the ever-moving *iracundior Hadria* of Horace," and either forgets, or does not know, that in that particular passage of Horace, *Hadria* is in the ablative case and does not agree with *iracundior*; and which is on terms of ostentatious familiarity with such little-known names as Persephone, George Sand, or Beethoven. It would be dangerous to say that "Syrlin" will interest no one. It will be perfectly safe to say that it will interest those most who have not read Ouida's former novels.

The moral of the book can be condensed into few words. London Society is bad, and London mobs are worse; but the Artistic Temperament is admirable, and, when represented by such a man as Syrlin, is able to refrain from committing adultery with a lady of title, but unable to refrain from committing suicide with no reason whatever worthy of mention. Of the satire on Society very little need be said. If Society really does consist, as the novelist would have us believe, of a few people in London whose principal occupation is to decide whom they shall know and how much they shall know them, then surely they can hardly be worth the trouble and expense that so much satire must take. The dialogue throughout the book is striking; sometimes because it is witty and epigrammatic, and sometimes because it is so intensely unnatural. But although many of the characters get through speeches of a page, or a page and a half, without interruption, and the Duke of Beaupont, who struggled with a tendency to use bad language in the presence of ladies, once spoke two pages, Mr. Iona must be considered the conversationalist. Four pages without a break was his maximum.

It would be unfair to leave the book without noticing the real sympathy which the authoress evidently feels for the afflicted and distressed. Her hatred of cruelty to animals is well known. The book also contains some excellent satire on primrose futilities, and on the fashionable craze which mistakes itself for philanthropy.

"Kit and Kitty" will not, perhaps, rank as one of Mr. Blackmore's best books, but there is much in it that is graceful and charming. There is the same quaintness and felicity of expression which are noticeable in all the author's work, the same keen insight into character, the same intimate knowledge of the country and the garden. But we see too much of the machinery of the story. There are difficulties in the way of any story which is told in the first person; and we quite see that when the first person could not possibly know something which his reader absolutely must know, the first person's uncle is very obliging in taking up his pipe and yarning explanatorily. In the first volume Kit woos Kitty; in the second volume he marries her, loses her, and looks for her; and although wild horses should not drag from us the secret of what is in the third volume, we cannot deny that its contents might be partially conjectured by exceptionally clever and experienced readers. It is only fair to add that we do not remember any other novel in which an author has made use of the motive that took Kitty from her husband; and yet the motive is perfectly natural and sufficient. We were really sorry to see Mr. Blackmore making use of the detective, for Tonks was a detective in all but name. He always carried rubber socks with him, could disguise himself, and was very sharp and not particularly successful. Such characters are inseparably connected in our mind with a wasted shilling, a picture on a cover, and a dull railway journey.

To read "Kit and Kitty" in London is to enjoy the country

without missing the advantages of the town. With the help of a little imagination we eat exquisite fruit just plucked from laden trees, breathe the freshest air, and live in the most perfect simplicity; and yet we can purchase the latest news without going far for it, and take a cab without sending a written order to the proprietor.

All who have read "Seth's Brother's Wife" will welcome Mr. Harold Frederic's new book, "The Lawton Girl." It is remarkably clever and strong, full of incident, full of humour, and in the closing chapters strikingly pathetic. It is the story of the "Minster Money," and of a very pretty little conspiracy which was made to get possession of it. It may seem difficult to persuade a woman to mortgage her property, to buy over again at four times its value what she has already purchased. Mr. Harold Frederic tells us of one method. But the subject of the book is not only the romantic side of commerce; it is also a story of a fallen girl, who left her native place, and then came back to "live it down;" and it is also a love-tale, with a particularly life-like and reasonable hero. Of the diversity of the interests it is easy to speak; their intensity may be tested by beginning the book at noon and making an appointment at five o'clock. It should not be an important appointment, because the chances of keeping it will be small. "The Lawton Girl" is a spirited, sensible, healthy story, just what a novel should be and what very few novels are.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Bynner has taken a great deal of trouble with "Agnes Surriage." The structural events are historical; and we are told so; and we do not like to be told so, because it calls attention to the fact that some of the events are not structural, and spoils the delusion. The author renders thanks to five people who have assisted him to be historical. One of these gave suggestions upon the early dialect of Marblehead, which was good of him, but has led to rather too much of the early dialect of Marblehead turning up in the pages of the story. We weary of the dialect. The early inhabitants of Marblehead said, we learn, "hor-rt" for "hurt." But how on earth does one pronounce "hor-rt"?

It is not absolutely a dull book. Much of it is very pretty, and some of it is interesting. The description of the Lisbon earthquake is good, and the author writes with ease of the period. But nearly all the characters are despicable, either from weakness or wickedness, and the reader soon loses sympathy in such a case and finds the story tedious. It is quite possible that the author could write a better book with less pains. Research throws light on a subject, but casts a shadow on a novel.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MR. LANG'S graceful wit and pleasant fancy light up the group of "Essays in Epistolary Parody"—originally contributed to one of the evening papers—which now appear under the title of "Old Friends." The book, a dainty volume bound in half vellum, gilt, is dedicated to Miss Rhoda Broughton. "Did the persons in contemporary novels never meet?" asks Mr. Lang, and in these lively pages he proceeds to bring them together. Clive Newcome addresses Arthur Pendennis, and Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Quiverful exchange confidences. Harold Skimpole, Esq., airs his grievances to the Rev. Charles Honeyman, and the latter replies in vague but sympathetic terms. As for Amyas Leigh, Jonathan Oldbuck, Inspector Bucket, Samuel Pickwick, Allan Quatermain, and other "Old Friends" of us all in fiction, are they not duly brought upon the scene and put through their paces as by the hand of a master of marionettes in this delightful book? Mr. Lang says with truth that the characters of fiction who remain our intimates are those whom we met when we were young. It may be that we are mistaken in thinking them the best; after all the secret of our preference may only spring from the fact that "they came fresh to fresh hearts and unworn memories." If that is the true explanation of the stubborn literary conservatism which leads old fogies to say about novelists that the old are vastly superior to the new, no wonder Mr. Lang should see in it a strong reason for urging those who are still young

* OLD FRIENDS. Essays in Epistolary Parody. By Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans & Co. 12mo. (6s. 6d.)

NATIONAL HEALTH. Abridged from "The Health of Nations." By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF BIRD LIFE. A Year-Book of British Ornithology. By Charles Dixon, Author of "Rural Bird-Life," etc. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Demy 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE. No. 18, April, 1890. London: Published by the Proprietors at the Chiswick Press. (Subscription, 10s. a year.)

THE CONSPIRATOR. A Romance of Real Life. By Count Paul P—. Edited by Frank Harkut. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (21s.)

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT, FROM "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE." Vol. VII. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 12mo. (1s.)

to read the best books before the early glamour of life has been dispelled by hard and prosaic realities.

In a compact volume of three hundred and twenty pages, entitled "National Health," Dr. Richardson has just brought out a capital abridgment of the two bulky volumes which he edited a year or two ago of the essays, articles, and papers on various aspects of social science and sanitary reform written during the course of a long and honourable career by Sir Edwin Chadwick. The present work has been prepared in response to a widespread demand for a popular edition of the "Health of Nations," and the pith of that work will be found in its pages. Sir Edwin Chadwick has now entered his ninety-first year, and many interesting facts concerning the venerable and honoured social reformer will be found in the "biographical sketch" with which the volume opens. As for the rest, the most practical and important parts of the original work have been retained in this welcome and opportune abridgment of a book which has already occasioned wide-spread attention.

Perhaps no branch of ornithology possesses more fascination to a student of nature than that which concerns itself with the movements and habits of birds at different seasons of the year. This is the task—if such a term is applicable to a pursuit which has evidently been a labour of love—which Mr. Dixon, who is himself an ornithologist of wide repute, attempts in the delightful book "Annals of Bird Life." In his opinion the best apprenticeship which the young student can serve is to keep a careful register day by day, and month by month, of wild life in woods and fields. One of the greatest naturalists of this century, Louis Agassiz, was accustomed to say that many people study Nature in the house, and yet when they go out of doors cannot find her. In this volume—the outcome of "twenty years of field and forest errantry"—five or six chapters are devoted, in turn, to spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and, everywhere without thrusting upon us the dry details of science, or the jargon of the schools, a minute and pleasing description is given of the ways of birds, their migrations, and the gipsy kind of life they lead. The birds that are regarded by naturalists as British belong to nearly 400 species, but the claims of many of these, Mr. Dixon admits, are very slender. Nearly one-half of the birds of these 400 species are only accidental visitors; the majority of them reach our shores from other parts of Europe, but a considerable number arrive from North America, and Africa, and some even from Asia. There is a great deal of curious bird-lore in this well-written book, and the author is an enthusiast who scouts the idea that birds lead what he terms a "prosaic automatic" existence; and it is amusing to find him claiming "high mental qualities" for his feathered friends. There is a good index in the volume and a calendar for each of the seasons, which shows when the birds arrive, build their nests, and take their departure.

The aim of the "Century Guild" is both laudable and ambitious. It seeks, according to its own statement, to "render all branches of art the sphere no longer of the tradesman but of the artist." Any association which seeks along rational lines to widen the realm of art, and to restore building, decoration, pottery, wood-carving, metal-work, and the like, to their "rightful place beside painting and sculpture," benefits the whole community, and on these grounds we are glad to notice that the *Century Guild Hobby Horse*, as the literary organ of the movement is quaintly termed, continues to advance with the times. The April number contains a successful reproduction of the magnificent picture by Holbein, in the Royal collection at Windsor, of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, the foe of Cardinal Wolsey, and his successor as chief adviser to Henry VIII. One of the chief papers in the present issue of this beautifully illustrated magazine is made up of a number of characteristic and genial notes written by Matthew Arnold to his friend Mr. Arthur Galton. They are printed just now because we have just passed—April 15—the second anniversary of Mr. Arnold's death, and he was himself a contributor to the *Hobby-Horse*, and is described as an indulgent reader of it in its wayward and inexperienced youth. A facsimile of a page or two of Matthew Arnold's manuscript heightens the interest of these welcome reminiscences of the distinguished essayist and poet.

There is no lack of startling incident and sensational adventure in a record of Russian oppression and Polish intrigue which bears the title of "The Conspirator." In a mysterious preface to the book we are asked to believe that "Count Paul P—" would feel extremely aggrieved if anybody considered his story as a mere work of fiction, and next we are assured that the dramatic incidents and strange adventures described are "positively true," even to the most minute details, though names and places are disguised. Mr. Harkut protests too much; but no amount of incredulity can destroy the rather weird interest of a clever and exciting plot. One of the most original ideas in the book, and not the least absurd, is the proposal to bring the Emperor of all the Russias under the spell of a powerful mesmerist, whose commands he could not have resisted, so that in some safe retreat his Polish subjects might speak with him on equal terms. Most of the characters in the book are powerfully drawn, and the "conspirator" himself is made to pass through many terrible ordeals. The interest of the story seldom flags, and when once the reader has brought himself to acquiesce in the wild improbability of the plot, the dramatic nature of the narrative arrests attention and holds it with gathering force, until the climax is reached.

The new volume—the seventh, by the way—of "Travel, Adventure, and Sport" from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is chiefly remarkable for the account which Albert Smith wrote in 1852 of his famous "Ascent of Mont Blanc," an exploit which is described in these pages with quiet humour and no lack of vividness.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

MAY DAY has come and gone, and the panic-stricken capitalists of Europe can again breathe freely. There has been nothing more discreditable in recent times than the scare which has possessed all the great Continental cities during the past week. From all of them we have had stories of the massing of troops, of numerous arrests among the known friends of the working classes, and of something like a state of terror among the people of the upper classes. Yet, with the exception of disturbances too trivial to be worthy of mention, the demonstrations on behalf of labour have everywhere passed off peaceably. Of course it is open to those who call themselves the friends of "order" to say that this is the result of the precautions taken by the authorities. For our part, we do not believe it. But even if this were the case, it would not alter the fact that the steps taken by the various Continental Governments have given far more importance to the workmen's demonstration than the working men themselves could have given to it. Whether the public at home and abroad will be inclined to take this lesson to heart we do not pretend to know. It would be well, however, if the truth could be instilled into the popular mind that fear is not only the worst of all counsellors, but the most dangerous of all allies. A little more courage and self-composure in Vienna or Paris during the present week would have been invaluable.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech on Monday created an undeniable sensation. It was as clever as most of his speeches are, and was marked by a fortunate absence of the temper which he too frequently shows when addressing the House of Commons. It produced a marked effect on both sides of the House, and unquestionably caused intense anger on the Tory benches, where for the moment MR. CHAMBERLAIN seemed to have lost his power to please. No doubt it is well for a political party to rejoice whenever its opponents are made uncomfortable, but we confess that we cannot see any real reason for the exultation with which MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech was received by many Liberals. An examination of his proposals with regard to the Irish land question only confirms the impression that MR. CHAMBERLAIN was speaking for himself rather than for the Irish people. Wedded as he is to his own plan for settling the Irish question, he seized the opportunity which the debate on MR. BALFOUR'S Bill afforded him of saying a good word on behalf of that plan; but the fact that in doing so he made himself distinctly objectionable to the Ministry by no means proves that he is one whit more of a Home Ruler to-day than he was a month ago.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S licensing scheme, as propounded by himself in the House of Commons on Tuesday, is excellent so far as it goes. It provides for the control of the liquor traffic by the County Councils, and gives a direct veto to a two-thirds majority of the ratepayers. Where the plan falls short of the demands of temperance reformers is in the compensation of dispossessed publicans. LORD RANDOLPH, as a private member, could not introduce compensation clauses into his Bill, but he gave the House to

understand that he was strongly in favour of compensation. If compensation is to be given, why should not the publicans compensate one another? Let those who are permitted to carry on the trade pay their rivals whose business is extinguished. In this way one of the difficulties of the drink problem might be overcome.

An interesting question has been raised at Exeter, where a meeting was held on Tuesday, at the Liberal Club, to consider the question of the candidature of MR. JOHNSON, the former Liberal member for the city, at the next election. MR. JOHNSON, it appears, was willing to become a candidate on condition that the expenses of his election were defrayed by the party. To this, after a long discussion, the Liberals of Exeter refused to agree. Possibly they had no alternative but to take this course, for unquestionably the Liberal party at the present moment, strong though it is in numbers, is not overburdened with wealth. But what a satire it is upon our representative institutions, that the first essential qualification of a Parliamentary candidate, in nine cases out of ten, should be the possession of money. Fully half the evils which we now deplore in connection with our Parliamentary system have their root in this fact.

THE *Liberal Unionist*, which is well worthy the attention of Home Rulers as the official exponent of the doctrines of Liberal Unionism, finds fault with us for having denounced the foolishness of "Primrose Day," and asks us why we have not protested in similar fashion against the wearing of the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day! After all, the *Liberal Unionist* might have remembered that there is some difference between a national and a party emblem. We are not concerned to discuss the point here, however. That which deserves attention is the fact that so sober and respectable an organ of the Liberal Unionists should come forward to defend Primrose Day and its antics. The fact shows, only too clearly, the direction in which our ex-Liberals are advancing.

A GREAT demonstration in favour of Imperial Federation was held in the centre of East London on Monday night, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and LORD ROSEBERY being the principal persons present. The chief feature of the meeting was a lecture by MR. G. R. PARKIN, the well-known Canadian who has recently been making a tour of the Australian Colonies for the purpose of advocating the cause of Federation, and who has succeeded in creating a most favourable impression not only among the colonists, but among those English audiences which he has more lately addressed. Whatever may be the doubts entertained in many quarters as to the possibility of federating the Empire, and however grave may be the obstacles which lie in the way of the successful completion of such a work, it is certain that nothing but good can be done by fostering the feeling of unity among all classes of the Queen's subjects, and MR. PARKIN is entitled to unreserved praise for the part which he has played in this work. LORD ROSEBERY did well, however, at the close of MR. PARKIN'S lecture, to give emphasis to the fact that whatever may be the fate of the

movement in favour of Imperial Federation, Great Britain will hold her own, and will never cease to be the centre of English influence throughout the world. Hardly less desirable or necessary was his caution against any proposals for forcing Federation upon unwilling peoples. We can only regret that so many of our statesmen, whilst they are willing to applaud this sentiment so far as it refers to our distant colonies, are resolved that it shall in no case be made applicable to Ireland.

THE Parliamentary Paper on the Finances of Egypt which has been published during the week, furnishes pleasant reading, not only for the Egyptian bondholders, but for everybody, with the exception of the French *Chauvinists*. According to SIR EVELYN BARING, 1889 was undoubtedly, from the financial point of view, "the most satisfactory year in the history of Egypt." Financial equilibrium has been secured, taxation has been remitted, and "there is every reason to hope that some further measures, both in the way of fiscal relief and of material development, will become possible at no very distant date." Two conditions are, however, necessary in the opinion of SIR EVELYN BARING for the realisation of these hopes. A British army must continue to occupy the country, British influence remaining paramount, and Egyptian questions must be treated on their own merits, without reference to "unfortunate international disputes." It will be much more easy to secure the first than the second condition.

WHATEVER may be the real state of politics in France, there at least seems to be something like an end to Boulangism. The Brummagem pretender, who was made the hero of a Society demonstration in London last summer—Society showing its customary brilliant incapacity for distinguishing between truth and falsehood in politics—has at last been extinguished. In Paris, his stronghold, the Municipal Elections of the past week have resulted in the return of only one adherent of Boulangism, despite the boast of the Boulangists that they would certainly secure thirty seats. It is refreshing to know that this particular element of instability in France, at all events, has been removed; nor do we attach special importance to the rumours of an imminent rising on behalf of the Royalist cause which have been circulated in some quarters. The people who propagate these stories forget that the real Royalist Pretender, the DUC D'ORLÉANS, is at this moment under lock and key.

THE Russian Government seems to desire to clear its European territory of all its inhabitants other than purebred slaves. A Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg on Wednesday stated that a commission was sitting to draft a new law on the subject of the Jews which in no way meets their wishes, but the reverse. This law will, we suppose, be the prelude to a further exodus—and there are only three millions or so of Russian Jews left. On the same day the *Daily News* was informed by its correspondent at Odessa, that great numbers of the German settlers in Southern Russia have recently been emigrating to America, and that the Government is very ready to facilitate their departure. As the most modern and economically hopeful part of the population, they seem to be cordially disliked both by the native peasantry, with whom they compete, and by the local nobility, whose power is reviving under the present régime. In MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S last story, there is a wonderful Russian, whose leading idea is that the Slavonic races have never done anything. Unfortunately, the people who never do anything in history are precisely those whose stock is purest.

MEANWHILE the Prussian Government is carrying out the policy of colonising the Polish districts with Germans which was adopted in 1886. In all (according to the *Cologne*

Gazette of Tuesday) about 100,000 acres have been purchased, voluntarily or compulsorily, and cut up into lots for intending colonists, for whose temporary reception barracks are provided, though houses and farm buildings are frequently built also. Fruit trees and sometimes even vines are planted, for the colonists are allowed to acquire land on easy terms, while much is reserved for various commercial purposes, for forests and the support of schools. The bulk of the colonists are Protestants. The figures given—754 sales for 1887, 1888, 1889, and 228 places still unsold—do not indicate a very large movement in that direction. But no doubt the object is less to find places for Germans than to get rid of Poles.

MR. STANLEY'S "welcome home" when he reached London on Saturday last was equal to that of a general returning from a triumphant campaign, and the first house in which he slept after landing in England was that of the Heir Apparent. Clearly his last and greatest exploit has touched the popular imagination as none of his previous achievements had done. Next week the lionising, which sets the hall-mark upon his popularity, will begin. During the present week he has remained in his town apartments with his door steadily closed against all comers, deep in the completion of the volume which is to give the world the full story of the EMIN Relief Expedition.

LORD HAMMOND, who has just died at the age of eighty-eight, was one of the strongest and most typical members of the Permanent Civil Service of Britain. He was a man of great strength of will, great industry, and very considerable talent, who had been in the Foreign Office so long—he entered it in 1824, became Permanent Under-Secretary in 1854, and held that post till 1873—that his knowledge of precedents and traditions gave him enormous influence with successive Foreign Ministers, and made him, so to speak, the living embodiment of the continuous foreign policy of the country. Yet with all this knowledge, talent, influence, and responsibility, he remained a diplomatic official, and not a European statesman—that is to say, he had never studied, hardly even thought of studying, the large popular forces and tendencies which now affect European politics. The want of this study and knowledge is still the weak point of our Foreign Office, which in point of the ability of its members stands high among the departments of Government. LORD HAMMOND, who was a moderate Liberal, retained his interest in public affairs till the time of his death, and was always well worth talking to. But he came too late to the House of Lords to take an active part in its deliberations, or acquire the influence to which his firm and upright character, as well as his vast experience, entitled him.

WAS there really any reason why the demonstration of London workmen, which took place on Thursday, should have been hampered and hedged in by all manner of restrictions on the part of the police? We know that ever since the disgraceful riot of four years ago the police authorities have been extraordinarily nervous as to any gathering of working men which touched, however indirectly, on the Socialist question. But really, seeing how complete was the absence of panic on the one side and of passion on the other in London this week, the precautions taken by the police strike one as being somewhat unnecessary. To-morrow will of course be the great day of demonstration so far as London is concerned, and we sincerely trust that nothing will happen during the day to show that the authorities regard this perfectly legitimate movement with suspicion.

WITH the present week the true London season may be said to begin, and its commencement is marked by the opening of the great picture galleries—not to the general

public, but to that large section of it which has the privilege of being invited to private views. The display of pictures this year appears to be somewhat disappointing; the Exhibition at the New Gallery, in particular, being one distinctly inferior to those which have previously been held in the same place. The great galleries, including the Academy, have been robbed to some extent of their most interesting features by the disposition of many of our chief artists to hold separate exhibitions of their works, instead of placing them in line with the pictures of their various competitors. As for the private views so-called, they have been as crowded this year as usual, and, as on former occasions, have been displays of fashionable dress rather than of the art treasures produced during the year.

THE Royal Commission which has been appointed to consider the question of burials in Westminster Abbey does not strike us as being a very strong one, and it is certainly curious, to say the least, that MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, who has given so much attention to the subject, should have been excluded from the Commission. There is a natural desire among all classes of Englishmen to preserve the great national shrine as a place of sepulture for those of our race to whom we wish to render a crowning tribute of honour. But considering the evils attending all intramural interments, the crowded state of the Abbey, and the continuous growth of the resident population of Westminster, it is difficult to see how burial in the Abbey can be longer permitted, unless, indeed, cremation may be regarded as an indispensable condition of interment within the historic walls.

THE advocates of Marriage Law Reform had a great triumph on Wednesday, when the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister was read a second time in the House of Commons by a majority of sixty-seven. The fate of this measure in past years, the fact that we have still to strive for its success, furnishes a measure of the patience of the English people. For many years the feeling of the country has been strongly in favour of the amendment of the law to which the House of Commons committed itself by so large a majority on Wednesday; even the House of Lords has practically thrown in its lot on the same side; the representatives of all classes and parties have supported the demand for a reform which is called for alike in the interests of morality and of our social welfare, and yet, thanks to the bishops and to clerical influence, the bad law upon which so many attacks have been made has remained unrepealed to the present day. The next Parliament will settle the Irish question. We shall be greatly surprised if it does not also settle the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

THE new number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains an interesting paper from the pen of MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD dealing with the decline in the influence of the newspaper press. MR. GREENWOOD is himself a man of such well-deserved eminence in journalism that anything he has to say upon this subject deserves and ought to command attention. At the same time he will hardly expect his fellow-journalists to accept his conclusions without reserve. One point which he makes in his article is however hardly to be questioned, that is the importance of what is rudely called the editorial instinct—and its rarity. Editors are born not made, and only one or two men in a generation seem to possess that combination of qualities which go to the making of the really powerful and capable editor. MR. GREENWOOD instances two specimens of the class, MR. DELANE of the *Times*, and MR. ALEXANDER RUSSEL of the *Scotsman*. It would be difficult to imagine two men more opposite in character or in gifts, and yet MR. GREENWOOD is unquestionably in the right in regarding them as among

the greatest editors the press of Great Britain has ever known. Whether there are any budding DELANES or RUSSELS in the ranks of journalism to-day we cannot pretend to say. MR. GREENWOOD takes a pessimistic view of the question, but his pessimism may to some extent be explained by his own experiences. It is doubtful, however, whether even another DELANE, if he were to appear among us, could ever attain the position which the famous editor of the *Times* held so long. The number of our newspapers, the spread of education, and the growth of an independence of spirit, not happily confined to the cultured classes of London, are all obstacles to the revival of the old influence of our newspapers upon political affairs. If, however, the influence of the press is no longer what it once was, there cannot be any question as to the extension of its domain in other directions. Art and letters, social customs, and social wrongs, are all now influenced by the press far more largely and far more directly than was the case in the bygone generation. Whether the influence has been for good or for evil is, however, open to dispute.

THE Directors of the Bank of England this week made no change in their rate of discount. There is a strong demand for gold for France and Germany, and there is an expectation that a large amount will before long be sent to Buenos Ayres. Further, the outflow of coin and notes to the internal circulation has begun, and with the revival of speculation on the Stock Exchange there is sure to be a large demand for loans. The Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Monday and ended on Wednesday evening, was larger than had been expected. On Monday borrowers were able to obtain accommodation at about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but on Wednesday decidedly higher rates were charged, and in some cases applications had to be made to the Bank of England, which charged as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The pressure on Wednesday was due partly to the Stock Exchange settlement and partly to the fact that the India Council was calling in money which it had lent to the bill-brokers. Yesterday, however, the interest on the Egyptian Unified Debt was paid, and money is also coming out of the Treasury, which will relieve the market for some time to come. It is hardly probable, however, that money will continue as easy as those who are engaged in the market have been anticipating. For some weeks to come, on the contrary, a rise in rates is to be looked for.

THE proposed silver legislation in the United States has stimulated speculation in all departments of the Stock Exchange. In the American Market more particularly, more business has been done than for a long time past. Those who had sold speculatively have been eagerly buying back, while the general public has also come in to reinforce professional speculators, and members of the Stock Exchange. Almost everything American quoted in London has risen more or less during the week, and in some cases the rise has been very remarkable. There has also been an advance with a considerable amount of business in securities of all kinds of countries in which silver is the standard of value. Even international securities and British railway stocks have shared in the general movement, the impression being that inflation in America will lead to a large increase in the imports of British manufactures. General trade, too, has been beneficially affected by the proposed legislation. The price of wheat is somewhat higher, and the market is firm; while the cotton industry, which has been suffering for a long time past, has decidedly improved, the rise in silver being equivalent to a proportionate rise in price. General trade is somewhat better also, but the iron industry is still greatly depressed. There is no recovery in pig-iron, and during the week there have been some heavy failures owing to the continuous fall since Christmas. Freights also continue very low.

A DANGEROUS VICTORY.

THE Ministerial prints raising their shouts of joy over the fact that the Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill has been carried by a majority of eighty, do not furnish a spectacle that tends to edification. For if one point is more clearly brought out than any other by the debate of the past week, and the division of Thursday night, it is that so far as purely party interests are concerned, nothing better can befall the English Liberals than the passing of Mr. Balfour's Bill. When next the electors of the country are consulted—and, after all, the consultation must take place within two years at the latest—every Conservative and Liberal Unionist who voted with the majority on Thursday will be called upon to reconcile his vote with the pledges by means of which he gained his seat. In 1886 it was the Tories who held in their hands the formidable weapon which any scheme for land purchase in Ireland offers to its opponents, and we know with what effect they used it. At the next General Election the case will be reversed, and it will be the Liberal candidates who can accuse their opponents of having, in defiance of their own professions, risked the credit of the English taxpayer to the tune of forty millions sterling.

This is not the highest view of the question at issue, though it is the only view which seemed to occur to Mr. Gladstone's opponents in 1886. But when the supporters of the Ministry foolishly exult over their triumph on Thursday night, as though it were a great party victory, it seems desirable to point out what the real meaning of that victory is from the purely party point of view. Happily, however, there are other aspects of the question, which may more worthily engage our attention. Nothing can well be more instructive than the closing night of the debate as it is reported in yesterday morning's papers; and without meaning any disrespect to Mr. Morley, whose speech was in every respect admirable, we must say that by far the greatest amount of instruction is to be derived from the utterances of the Irish Secretary and Lord Hartington. Indeed, we do not know that more signal service was ever rendered to the Liberal party than that for which it is indebted to the principal advocates of the Ministerial scheme on Thursday night.

The Irish Secretary, who was in capital debating form, went over the various arguments which had been heard during the discussion, and seemed to think that he had a reply with which to meet every objection to his measure. It is perfectly true. He *had* a reply; but to what did it amount? If it meant anything at all, it was a frank and unabashed confession of his own absolute failure in the task in which he has now spent more than three years. Mr. Chamberlain on Monday caused dismay in the Ministerial ranks by his demand that the local authorities in Ireland should have some control over funds not only conferred for local purposes, but for which the localities themselves were to be responsible. It was a demand so obviously based upon the rudimentary principles of all Constitutional government that even Mr. Chamberlain could put it forward without abating one jot of his hostility to Home Rule. Yet so far have the present Ministers and their supporters departed from the ways of Constitutionalism as regards Ireland, that murmurs of dismay arose on the Tory benches when Mr. Chamberlain spoke. The reply of the Government to his suggestion was eagerly awaited from the lips of Mr. Balfour on Thursday. It was neither more nor less than a declaration that until Ireland was in a normal condition, it would be rash and dangerous to give the local authorities any control over the funds for which, be it observed, the localities are to be held responsible. But if this be the case, if the state of Ireland is still so serious

that even such a meagre and attenuated measure of self-government as that suggested by Mr. Chamberlain is too dangerous to be given, what becomes of all the talk about Mr. Balfour's "success"? Is it not clear, from that gentleman's own confession, that matters are, if anything, rather worse now than they were in 1886?

This seems to us to be the central fact to be extracted from the speech of the Chief Secretary. Lord Hartington's plaintive confession of faith was not less important. It seems to point to the early merging of the Liberal Unionists in the ranks of pure and unadulterated Toryism. At all events, Lord Hartington, who, as we point out on another page, has been gradually drifting further and further away both from the Liberal party and Liberal principles for the past two years, has now delivered what Mr. Morley rightly called a declaration of war against the Irish people. There was a time when he went no further than Mr. Balfour did on Thursday. His simple point then was that Ireland must show itself loyal, contented, and submissive, before any measure of freedom could be given to her. But on Thursday night he went a step beyond this point, and preached the doctrine of coercion—a coercion naked and not ashamed. His attention had been called to the fact that the Irish representatives were almost unanimously opposed to the Bill. He had just, indeed, heard a most damaging attack upon it fall from the lips of an Ulster member. How did he meet this grave fact? By the simple assertion that neither the Irish people nor the Irish representatives had the smallest right to object to any measure which Parliament in its wisdom might think fit to apply to them! It must take away the breath of any Liberal of the old school—any Whig, for example, who served under Lord Russell or Lord Palmerston—to listen to this doctrine, so strange, so monstrous, and, coming from that particular quarter, so unnatural. Talk of the divine right of kings! Here is an English statesman, still calling himself a Liberal, who carries the divine right of accidental majorities in the House of Commons to a point beyond which no Tudor or Stuart ever went in asserting his own prerogatives.

We repeat that there has been no more instructive debate in Parliament for many a day than that which took place on Thursday night. And now, to sum up, how does the Land Bill stand after all the discussion to which it has been subjected? It is shown to be a measure badly conceived and badly drawn, which involves this country in a very real and imminent risk to the amount of more than thirty millions sterling; it is exceedingly doubtful whether it will accomplish the end at which its authors profess to have aimed; it is openly denounced by the landlords of Ireland as being flagrantly unjust to them, and their opposition to the Second Reading has only been bought off by the promise or the hope of large amendments in Committee; finally, it is openly rejected by the Irish people through their constitutional representatives in the House of Commons. And this is the measure which Ministers, to serve their own ends, are trying to force upon the people of Great Britain in spite of the known unwillingness of the latter to pledge a farthing of their credit for the landlords of Ireland. If this is to be reckoned as a victory for the Government, how many more will be required to complete their undoing?

The Liberal party cannot expect to be continuously winning victories over a Ministry which still commands a majority of eighty votes in the House of Commons. At present, indeed, the only victories which are open to it are those secured by means of bye-elections. But it is evident that the debates on the Land Bill must have the effect of strengthening the Liberal cause enormously in the eyes of the country, if only the party—leaders and followers alike—know how to apply rightly the lessons which it teaches. No Ministry which is seeking to govern a country on the principles frankly avowed by Mr. Balfour and Lord Hartington on Thursday night, can have a chance of surviving an appeal to the opinion of the nation at large.

THE SPECTRE OF ANARCHY.

THE May Day celebration of the rights of labour has passed over without disturbance of any kind. But the panic which has prevailed in all parts of Europe during the last five or six days has taught a lesson which ought not to be disregarded by those who seek to read the signs of the times. The really impressive feature of the week has been the manifest uneasiness of the authorities, the terror which has everywhere been excited among the party of the "Haves" by this movement on the part of the "Have-nots." England, as we know, has been altogether free from this feeling of alarm. The English working man, true to the practical instincts of our race, has not even thought it necessary to take a special holiday on Labour Day. He has reserved the celebration for to-morrow, when it will assume the entirely harmless form of a demonstration in Hyde Park. This action on the part of the English workmen is, in its way, as significant as the agitation and anxiety which have possessed the capitalists of the Continent during the past week. Here is London just as peaceful as usual. Piccadilly is crowded of an afternoon, as it always is in these early days of May, with a crowd of wayfarers representing the richest classes of the richest country in the world. The jewellers' shops are everywhere open; all through the West End the display of wealth is as ostentatious as ever, and yet there is no alarm; no outcry for repressive measures; no demand for the special aid of police or military. The two great sections of society move amicably side by side, and to-morrow the banners of the Trades Unionists will float peaceably in the most aristocratic quarter of London.

How comes it that there is this strange difference between the state of things abroad and that which prevails at home? The difference in the national character is suggested by some. That counts for something, but not for much. Human nature has a wonderful general sameness, whether in the East or the West. Freedom from discontent on the part of the labourers of England, the absence of any real grievances, is the theory propounded by others. But against this theory we must oppose the great strikes of the unskilled labourers in London and other large towns, which have occurred during the past twelve months, and the notorious demand of labour as a whole for a larger share in the profits of manufacture. If we add to these facts the evidence adduced before the Sweating Commission, we shall effectually dispel the Pharisaic notion that the absence of alarm and agitation in England is due to the fact that there is no unrest, no sense of wrong among our labouring classes. We must look elsewhere, then, for the explanation of a state of things which cannot but be gratifying to the people of Great Britain; nor ought there to be any difficulty in discovering such an explanation. We know that it is the fashion nowadays to belittle mere political reforms. We live in an age when social legislation, we are told, is the one object to which the sympathy and enthusiasm of the great mass of the people can be attracted; and those who still hold that its political activity is the savour of life to a nation, are derided as belated believers in an exploded tradition. Yet none the less it is certain that it is to our political life, and to the great political reforms which have been carried in Great Britain during the last sixty years, that we are indebted for the fact that London is to-day able to face the Labour Holiday without even a tremor of apprehension; whilst during the past week we have seen Paris and Vienna and Berlin, and a score of smaller Continental cities, openly quaking before the dreaded spectre of Anarchy.

No political reform, we are told, will satisfy the demands of the working man, either in England or elsewhere. Pos-

sibly not; but as a preliminary to the satisfaction of those demands, political reforms are absolutely necessary. If in either Republican France or Monarchical Austro-Hungary the workman had enjoyed the political liberties which he has long since gained in England, we should never have witnessed the discreditable panic on the part of the governing classes which has been seen in both those countries during the past few days. On the Continent, however, a great gulf is fixed between the labourer and the law-maker; and the former sees that his only mode of enforcing his demands upon the latter is by the rough process of a great demonstration, which, striking terror into the hearts of the capitalists, is too easily converted into a tumult of panic on the one side, and of violence on the other.

Europe, it is to be hoped, will profit by the lesson it is now learning. In some places, indeed, the rulers seem to be gathering wisdom quickly. We have no faith in the "benevolent despot" theory which finds favour with the German Emperor; but the more closely his recent action is looked at, the more significant must it appear. It is the action of one who has looked in the face of the terror which walks by noon-day, and who has come to a mighty resolution that, if the will and the energy of a single man can avert the social catastrophe which he sees impending, his country at least shall be saved from it. What can the Government of Francis Joseph or of M. Carnot do in face of the action of William II.? Can they continue to treat the workman as a being to be repressed, dragooned into submission, denied his natural right to strike for higher wages or lower hours, refused permission to combine with his comrades for the redress of wrongs the sore reality of which the rich as well as the poor acknowledge? Clearly not: unless they are prepared not merely to pass through many weeks of panic such as this has been, but at last to allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the deluge of a social revolution.

With them the political reforms must precede the social. The laws affecting the rights of combination among workmen must be assimilated to the English model; the attempt to screw down the safety-valve must be abandoned; the terror of the artisan, as a distinct being apart from and hostile to the rest of society, must be laid aside. This is a task which it is for statesmen to perform. It ought to be well within their capacity. Most of the men who succeeded in passing the existing Trade Laws for England are still living. No one can pretend that there was anything extraordinary about them, though, happily for themselves and for us, they were not believers in the modern notion that the only kind of legislation which can really benefit a country or its people is social legislation. There is no conceivable reason why there should not be in Austria, in Hungary, in France, and in Germany, men capable of striking from the limbs of labour those fetters which now make it so dangerous.

As for Great Britain, here also we have our lesson to learn from the Labour Week, and the spectre of Anarchy by which it seems in the eyes of Continental statesmen to be attended. It is well that the workers should from time to time force themselves upon our notice. There are certain grim realities of existence which we are too apt to try to keep out of sight. They jar upon our delicate nerves, they offend our susceptibilities, and so we shut our eyes to their existence. This Labour Week vividly brings home to us the reality of the labour crisis on the Continent, and of the danger which inevitably arises whenever the working man is treated as an outcast. It does more, however. It forces upon our consciousness the fact that we too have grave social problems which must be dealt with, even though attention to them is not compelled by the fear of Anarchy. Here, also, Labour is asking for its rights; and though we are not called upon to loosen the chains which fetter its limbs, inasmuch as we have already done so, we are beyond doubt bound to see that it has a fair field for its struggle with the forces arrayed against it.

DIVORCE IN AUSTRALIA.

FOR some time past indications have been frequent that Australia is advancing, with the temerity of youth, in those difficult paths of social legislation which English statesmen are beginning to tread. Intrepid majorities in Colonial Parliaments have already ventured to handle questions affecting the duty of national education, and the part of the State in disciplining labour; and they have now turned with a light heart to solve the perplexing problems which surround the marriage law. Two or three years ago the Legislature of New South Wales passed a Bill for amending the law of divorce in that colony, to which the Home Government opposed certain "precautionary conditions." Since then similar proposals have found active advocates in Melbourne. And now, after much anxious consultation, Lord Knutsford has yielded to the combined representations of the colonial authorities, and the Royal assent has been given to the new Divorce Act of the Victorian Parliament.

In England two rival schools of opinion debate this ground between them. Some, of ripe reflection and deep feeling, deny that the cancelling of marriage is within the power or province of the State. They appeal to the guidance of theology, and claim the countenance of the Christian Church. The Roman Catholic Church, in spite of inconsistencies which are sometimes traceable to political frailty, has, through the generations, set her face, and bidden her ministers protest, against the possibility of ever breaking entirely the marriage tie. The English Church, inheriting the same traditions, has defended it against the inroads of opinion, and has only advanced so far as to admit that a suspension of conjugal relations may be in extreme cases a necessary course. Beyond that the Church, on the point of doctrine, will make no treaty with the infirmities of men. To those who, walking in that dangerous science "in which the greatest men have trembled and the wisest erred," believe that marriage can only be dissolved by death, the intervention of the State, even to end conjugal infelicity, or to loosen bonds that have become bonds of hatred, must savour of a moral wrong. For them the marriage chain is forged in heaven, and the links of that chain no mortal hand may sunder. But on the other side, with a feeling scarcely less deep-rooted, stand those who decline to regard the matter as one on which theology gives laws to bind. To them the question is one of practical moral convenience, and to touch it involves no derogation from religious principle, nor any violation of the sanctities of life. They, too, believe that marriage is a sacred tie, and would do nothing lightly to impair the obligations which it imposes. But they urge that in modern communities the maintenance of this tie with the rigidity of ancient custom may become an intolerable evil, and destroy the virtues which it is meant to guard. With that view they invoke the action of the State, and appeal to law to lay down the limits within which, in necessary cases, the marriage tie may be dissolved.

In Australia, it must be admitted, the latter view is now in the ascendant. The object of the new Victorian Divorce Act is avowedly to render divorce easier. This object it endeavours to attain in sixteen clauses, which are principally devoted to lessening costs and simplifying procedures, and to extending the grounds on which divorces may be granted by the Court. In future, desertion for three years or more, habitual drunkenness or cruelty, violent personal assaults, and the imposition on either party of heavy sentences for crime, will be sufficient grounds for divorce in Victoria. It is no wonder if such sweeping changes caused some perplexity to the Colonial Secretary, and that the Home Government took time to consider their decision. But the Victorian Parliament were resolved to carry their Bill. On the three conditions laid down by Lord Knutsford ample assurances were forthcoming. It was shown that the principle of the measure had been in many cases recently submitted to the constituencies of the colony, and faithfully represented the

feelings of the majority. The Victorian Legislature were ready to comply with the Home Government's requirement that legal domicile in Victoria should be in every case a condition precedent to the relief given by the Bill. Above all, a strong pressure of opinion from all the Australian colonies was brought to bear on the Colonial Secretary, and it appeared that the action of the Victorian Parliament had the cordial sympathy of its neighbours. In view of those guarantees and expressions of opinion, to veto the measure would have been certainly unpopular and probably unreasonable, and the Bill has accordingly been permitted to pass into law.

Whether or not the Victorian Parliament has adopted a wise policy, even those who commend its boldness will leave to the future to decide. It is unquestionably a great change, but whether its results are likely to be good or ill, none can predicate. It is one thing to lay down the principle of the right of the State to regulate divorce by laws. It is another thing to decide what in each community those laws should be. How far is it safe to relax the restrictions on divorce? Does the fact of any such relaxation necessarily imply a lowering of the moral standard? To those questions there are some who would reply with assurance. But the facts on either side are weak. We have as yet little actual proof that the standard of conjugal morality must fall with any innovation in the marriage laws. On that point experience speaks with no certain voice, and it is possible that Victoria may yet solve the problem in a sense less sinister than some high auguries predict. With regard to the action of the Home Government in accepting the measure, there should be no difference of opinion. If the ties which unite us to Australia are to be maintained and strengthened, as every Englishman earnestly desires, those ties must never be strained. They must be ties not only of blood and affection, but of common interest and advantage too. On our side, we can offer to Australia what no prosperity can give her, a wealth of mighty tradition and accumulated honour, the name and history of a great people. We can ask that Australians should reverence these things and claim to share them, for no nation ever rose to greatness which rated such memorials lightly. But we cannot ask that they should sacrifice to them in any degree their judgment and wishes in matters which affect only and entirely themselves. On such matters, however widely their circumstances and their practice may differ from ours, we must be prepared not only to sanction, but to welcome their experiments, to watch the development of those experiments as friends, and perhaps, in our own time and fashion, as imitators, to adopt them.

THE THREE GREAT QUARTERLIES.

THE world moves. The *Quarterly Review* has discovered Robert Browning, the *Edinburgh Review* has an article upon Mr. Swinburne. What is more, both these articles are appreciative, and written with an evident desire to assimilate as much of the manner and tone of the "new criticism" as can be made compatible with the solemn dignity of the old Reviews. The *Edinburgh* critic will seem to many readers the better of the two, because he knows exactly what he means, and gives fair and reasonable estimate of Mr. Swinburne's work; while the *Quarterly* writer, though he has at his command all the copious and elaborate vocabulary of metaphors, in which the new school rejoice, does not quite succeed in finding, or making us feel that he has found, the key to that strange mixture of fertile complexity of invention and crowded confusion of forms which is the puzzle of Browning's poems. It is true that Browning is an incomparably more difficult subject to deal with than Swinburne, inasmuch as he combines a larger number of high and rare gifts with at least as many defects as those which mar the later work of the younger poet. And the *Quarterly* article

contains many acute and just remarks, mixed with others far from felicitous. To say that "Browning's poetry is peculiarly needed by the present generation, it is a counter irritant to that poison of subjectivity which impels poets to shut themselves up in the maze of their own personal experiences, and to humanise nature because they cannot dramatise Man," is either superficial or untrue, according to the sense in which one takes the dictum. Nevertheless, the article is worth reading, for it brings out with great force some sides of Browning's mind. The *Edinburgh* makes up for its novel boldness in poetic criticism by a large dose of respectable mediocrity in the other articles. No less than five of its articles are papers of the accustomed semi-critical, semi-historical gossiping style—"Lord Melbourne's Papers," "Bury's Later Roman Empire," "Henri de Rohan and the Huguenot Wars," "Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey," "Talleyrand and Napoleon I." All are up to a respectable level, and may be read without undue weariness in an easy chair, but none of them has enough force or novelty to make one remember it half-an-hour afterwards. Each is an unsatisfactory compromise between a criticism of a book and an essay on the subject. Of the remaining articles, "The Catholic Democracy of America" is little more than a series of laudatory notices of Roman Catholic prelates in the United States, and scarcely touches those large and grave questions which the rapid growth of Roman Catholicism in America, and its success in reconciling spiritual absolutism in religion with complete equality and freedom in politics, suggest to the European who crosses the Atlantic. The article on Velasquez is the best in the number, a vigorous and well-written account of the greatest man Spain has produced in the field of creative effort. The last article ("Confederation or Independence") on the British Colonies contains some sensible remarks on the scheme or movement called (rather unhappily) Imperial Federation, but is spoiled by the intrusion at the very end of two commonplace and trivial pages about the Parnell Commission and the Land Purchase Bill, pages which look as if they had been added at the last moment by the editor, who seems to have remembered while going to press that the number contained nothing about party politics. He would have done better to forget than to remember to such poor purpose as this futile ending shows.

The *Quarterly* offers its readers a wider variety of topics. Besides the article on Browning already mentioned, there is a long and elaborate estimate of Victor Hugo and George Sand, sometimes turgid in style and confused in thought, yet redeemed by genuine and painstaking study of the French literature of this century. History is represented by a study of the policy of the French in Italy from 1379 to 1415, in the time of King Charles VI., a study much more close, thorough, and exact than the rambling gossip of the *Edinburgh*, and worthy of a place in the *Historical Review*. It is a witness to the flatness of current politics that the *Quarterly* can find no more exciting subject than the "Parliamentary position of Scotland," an article in which the scheme of Scotch Home Rule is argued against, not without ability, but with little perception of the causes which have produced the demand for a local legislature. "Buddhism" (in which there are some curious facts regarding the tendency of contemporary Buddhists in Ceylon to adopt and incorporate Christian practices and ideas), "The Viking Age" (a commonplace article on Mr. Du Chaillu's over-valued book), "Sophocles," "Greater Britain," "The Beginning and End of Life" (an interesting treatment of some biological problems), complete a number of more than average merit.

When we turn from the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* to the *English Historical Review* we are at once struck by the difference between the new manner and the old, for the traditions of the old manner have still a strong hold upon the two old Reviews. Some of the large-print articles in the *English Historical* are technically written for scholars by scholars, with a plainness and severity by which the "general

reader" for whom the old Reviews cater would be repelled. But they have far more substance and worth than the historical articles in the *Edinburgh*, and are equalled only by the article on the French in Italy of the *Quarterly*. So the notices of books in the *English Historical* are unpretentious, business-like, practically helpful. But when the *English Historical* pleases, it can also give us articles which are as attractive in style as they are thoughtful and sound in substance. Two such adorn the present number. One is by Professor Sanday, of Oxford, on Bishop Lightfoot as a historian, a most interesting and appreciative estimate of one of the finest intellects as well as most engaging characters of our time. The other is a masterly sketch of the lately departed German historian Wilhelm von Giesebrecht. It fills only five pages; but these pages contain not only a singularly just and sympathetic account of Giesebrecht's gifts and labours, but a number of striking dicta on the relation between historical writing and the influence of current events, and on the development of the newer historical method in Germany. We have rarely read anything, even from Lord Acton's pen, more full of condensed wisdom.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE COUNTY OF LONDON.

THE first impression produced by Lord Rosebery's admirable review of the work of the London County Council—a review which has outrun the limits of time set by two weekly meetings, and is reserved for conclusion next week—is that the Council has got through a wonderful amount of solid hard work. The weekly meetings, which alarm timid ratepayers, exhibit only a small part of the energy and application which the Councillors devote to the public service. Though the first eagerness to be on as many committees as possible may have somewhat abated, it is only the direction of their activity that has changed, and not the amount. Concentration of power has succeeded diffusion. Most of their work, too, like administrative work generally, escapes notice unless attention is called to it. It is the glory of administrators to be just felt, but not seen or heard, just as it is the excellence of the functions of muscular co-ordination and nutrition in the organism to do their work steadily, exciting only a vague, passive, and undefined sensation of comfort. Judged by this test, the work of the Council is eminently satisfactory, but there is all the more reason why it should be reviewed in detail. The number of subjects is enormous, and the scale often grandiose. Five or six of the committees—including that on the licensing of music halls—still remain unnoticed by the chairman. The Asylums Committee has made alterations in one asylum at an expense of £83,000, and is about to open another which will cost £500,000. The work of the Sanitary Committee includes nineteen items. It has reviewed upwards of seven hundred licences for slaughter-houses and cow-houses. It has nearly thirty inspectors of weights and measures at work, fourteen of whom, it is satisfactory to notice, are engaged in preventing frauds in the sale of coal. Of their activity the police reports this week have furnished independent evidence. It is attempting to improve the quality of gas, to win the coroners from holding inquests in public-houses, and to discover the best method of preventing fogs. But to apply its discoveries it has no power, until it obtains control of the police. It is superintending also, under somewhat restricted conditions, the storage of explosives and inflammable materials; while two of its functions, as to which no details are given, are the protection of infant life and the prevention of cruelty to children—functions which, in view of the horrible disclosures made by Mr. Waugh in this month's *Contemporary Review* will soon require a committee by themselves. The Corporate Property Committee has arrived at a satisfactory compromise on the burning question of the

continuance or extinction of the licensing of public-houses acquired by the Council, and decided to consider each case on its own merits. The Building Committee again has reported on nearly three thousand dangerous structures, summoned 853 refractory householders, and reformed the numbering and naming of nearly a thousand streets, so that some order is being introduced into chaos. The Improvements Committee has completed seven of the eight improvements inherited from the Board of Works, withdrawing thirteen for further consideration. The Parks Committee has held 129 meetings, and received £16,000 in gifts—an earnest of what may come when benefactors thoroughly realise the work of the Council. It has helped to secure four parks, and got through an immense amount of work upon details in connection with the recreations of the people. Besides this solid administrative work, the Council has considered a good many problems which a few years ago would have been regarded as more or less academic. The treatment of the sewage question—a mere item among their varied labours—must be regarded as virtually postponed. The arrangement for disposal of the sludge with which they were saddled by their predecessors, remains as a provisional arrangement, though they are a good deal hampered by their inability to hire additional vessels, as well as by the fatalities that have befallen their engineers. The problem must soon be revived, and the horrible practice of befouling the sea even with chemically treated refuse must be replaced by the irrigation of the Maplin Sands, and the chemistry of the earth, whose calm and patience under the infliction is so justly celebrated by Walt Whitman. “The sea receives all filth,” said a Neoplatonist philosopher, “yet it cannot be defiled.” He had no experience of sludge. Yellow fever has been traced with some probability to the deposit of refuse from slave ships in the almost tideless harbours of the Gulf of Mexico. London refuse must some day overpower even the purifying influences of the German Ocean and the swift tides of the estuary of the Thames. Another burning question—the housing of the poor—is, however, actually under discussion by the Council, and we are soon to have model common lodging-houses, whether provided by it or by the Artisans’ Dwellings Company. Electric lighting, too, will soon call for the supervision of the Council, and committees are actually considering schemes of local government and plans for the revision of taxation. Lord Rosebery wisely meets the premature alarm of the anti-progressive ratepayer by urging that these committees should be in no hurry to do more than collect information bearing on the rectification of boundaries, the equalisation of local rating, and the like. The betterment theory was prematurely published; but at the same time there are pretty clear indications that if we want any of the greater improvements which are contemplated we must make up our mind for a revision of the existing system of local taxation. The same conclusion is indicated by Sir Thomas Farrer in his letter to the *Times* of Thursday. After main drainage, the most urgent of the great problems is that of water supply. The value of the companies’ property is increasing as the water relatively becomes less adequate to the needs of the population. And here, as in most of the subjects dealt with—in sanitary matters, in enforcing the Building Acts, and in financial administration—additional powers are urgently required by the Council.

Three things indeed stand out clearly from the review: the inadequacy of the powers of the Council, the chaotic state of the legislation they have to administer, and the urgent necessity that they should be supported by efficient and like-minded district councils. They have done their best to introduce order into London government, though they have had great difficulties and little time, and, as Sir Thomas Farrer shows, have been hampered wherever it was possible by the pedantry of the Local Government Board. They have done their varied work for an amount—apart from their loan

—very little more than that now demanded by the London School Board. But their want of power checks them at every turn. They cannot protect trees from a crowd, or restrict the smoke nuisance, until they control the police—of the necessity of which the events of Thursday supply a fresh proof. They cannot make bye-laws on the sanitary condition of the Metropolis, and they are hardly likely to get their street improvement scheme sanctioned by this Parliament. Nor can the details of local administration be satisfactorily dealt with unless like-minded district councils arise. The practical moral is that we should all take pains to find out and vote for Progressist candidates in the approaching Vestry Elections. The work of the Council should stimulate the ratepayers to return vestrymen as energetic and spirited as the bulk of the County Council, and to make London deserve that position into which it is rapidly being forced by the decline of Paris in Vienna, and which no other city in the world has for many years to come the smallest chance of attaining. It is only to be hoped that the rule that municipal offices shall be annual, will not be too rigidly applied to the present Chairman.

POLITICIANS ON THE WANE.

III.—LORD HARTINGTON.

LET us begin what we have to say about Lord Hartington by heartily congratulating him and ourselves upon the fact that he is still with us to submit to criticism. The past winter, which has taken so terrible a toll in London society, all but proved fatal to the leader of the Liberal Unionists. For a brief period, indeed, all hope of his recovery had practically been abandoned by his friends and medical attendants. Thanks to the skill of the latter, and to his own good constitution, Lord Hartington surmounted the dangers which threatened him, and after a period of convalescence spent in Egypt, he is once more occupying his usual place in the House of Commons. If his illness had terminated otherwise, his death would have caused profound sorrow among all parties in England. We have our own reasons for differing from Lord Hartington, our own cause for thinking that he has passed his prime, and that his star is now a waning one; but we cheerfully acknowledge that in many respects he is one of the worthiest figures now on the political stage, and that if from any cause he ceased to take part in public affairs, the public life of England as a whole would suffer.

High-minded, straightforward, simple, candid, Lord Hartington is one of those men whose sterling qualities compel esteem and admiration. His character is as free from the imperious egotism of Mr. Chamberlain, on the one hand, as it is from the acrid cynicism of Mr. Balfour on the other. Indeed, if we wished to see in the flesh the complete antithesis of either of those personages, we would only need to look at Lord Hartington. He has never been malignant, like Mr. Chamberlain; he never handles grave problems with the vulgar flippancy which distinguishes Mr. Balfour. If his talents are by no means brilliant, if his eloquence is hardly stimulating, if his energies are at times paralysed by a constitutional lethargy, he still remains an excellent specimen of the highest of all known types—the English gentleman.

It was with a great sadness that the Liberal party parted company with Lord Hartington in 1886. Mr. Chamberlain’s severance of himself from the party was, as we have already seen, hailed with positive delight, and not a man in the rank and file of Liberalism has since wished to bring him back to the fold. Mr. Goschen, everybody felt, was “bound to go.” It was only by an accident that he had originally strayed into the Liberal camp; and whilst all acknowledged his brilliant intellectual gifts and high personal qualities, even those Liberals who were his own warm personal friends were

forced to acknowledge that when he accepted office in a Tory Ministry he was emphatically the right man in the right place.

But the case was different with two leading members of the Liberal Party who declined to follow Mr. Gladstone in his new policy towards Ireland—Mr. Bright and Lord Hartington. Of the former we must say little here. The day may come when the decent restraints which are now imposed upon the friends of that great and noble Englishman will be removed, and when the world will at least be allowed to see that if he could not follow Mr. Gladstone in 1886, he was at all events no follower of either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain. Still, we cannot hide the fact that the course taken by Mr. Bright in 1886 was, on the whole, the heaviest blow from which the Liberal Party suffered. Hardly less heavy was the loss of Lord Hartington. He was a man whom the Whig section of the party naturally trusted as one of their own order; no violent or revolutionary courses, they imagined, would be adopted whilst he continued to stand by Mr. Gladstone's side. The Radicals, on the other hand, though they disliked his moderation, had learned to admire his sterling moral qualities, and to appreciate the value of the support which he was able to bring to the Liberal cause. When he went forth from the old army and openly allied himself with the enemy, there went up a cry from his ancient comrades, not so much of anger as of grief; and to this day there are many amongst them who, whilst cherishing feelings of implacable hostility towards every other Liberal Unionist, are still prepared to receive Lord Hartington back into the fold with open arms.

Why did he go? That is a question which will be answered at full length when the secret history of the winter of 1885-6 is written by one who knows. At present it is only possible to glance at a few of the salient features of the story—features which fully explain how it is that Lord Hartington is now a politician on the wane.

His admirers represent that it was his inflexible determination to sanction nothing in the shape of surrender to Irish disaffection, and to a cause on behalf of which many crimes had been committed, that led him to sever himself from the leader under whom he had served so long, and his "consistency" in refusing to modify his attitude towards the Irish problem after the General Election of 1885 is contrasted with the inconsistency of Mr. Gladstone and other Liberals, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. "Consistency" is an admirable word; but, as it happens, it is not one which has ever been truly applicable to politicians. The "consistent politician," using the phrase in the sense in which it is applied to Lord Hartington, is a person whose intellectual calibre is about equal to that of the captain who, having set forth on his voyage with a fair wind and all sail set, declines to take in a single reef of canvas when the wind has changed, and he has to face a head gale. It is consistency of this kind which certain persons pretend to admire in Lord Hartington, and the absence of which they deplore in the case of Mr. Gladstone.

But, as a matter of fact—and fortunately for himself—Lord Hartington is no more a "consistent" politician than is his old leader. On this very Irish question he has chopped and changed and changed again, more than almost any other man. Was it not he who pronounced most strongly against any extension of the franchise in Ireland until the Irish had given bond for their future good behaviour, had kissed the rod of coercion, and meekly accepted the forgiveness which a magnanimous British Government was prepared on these conditions to extend towards them? At that time Mr. Forster—to whose removal from the Cabinet Lord Hartington had been a party—had declared in favour of giving Ireland the same franchise as England. Lord Hartington would have none of it; but when the time came, and Mr. Gladstone refused any longer to withhold from Irishmen the electoral rights enjoyed by Great Britain, Lord Hartington was far too

wise to trouble himself with his reputation for consistency. He yielded, and remained a member of the Ministry which established Household Suffrage in Ireland.

Now, in the opinion of men not inferior to Lord Hartington in political sagacity and foresight, this concession really involved the further concession of the right of self-government to the Irish people. Up to that time it was possible for English politicians, when they were confronted by the demands of Irish Members of Parliament for Home Rule, to comfort themselves with the conviction that these men did not represent the Irish people, but only a noisy and unscrupulous faction, who by some unknown means held the majority of the nation in a state of terror. But when household suffrage, *plus* the ballot, was given to Ireland, everything was changed. Wise men knew that the General Election of 1885 would at all events settle the question of Mr. Parnell's right to speak on behalf, not of a fraction, but of the whole of the people. Mr. Gladstone recognised this fact, and alluded to it publicly in Midlothian. Nay, more, as Lord Hartington has himself frankly acknowledged, Mr. Gladstone at this time, in private conversation with his colleagues, repeatedly pointed to the momentous character of the election which was then going on in Ireland. It was generally felt that it must form a new starting-point for English policy towards that country.

Down to the moment at which the General Election took place, there was every reason to believe that Lord Hartington shared the convictions of Mr. Gladstone on this point, and was prepared to consider any reasonable proposal which might be made, not by a small section of Irish members elected on a limited franchise, but by the overwhelming majority of the representatives of the country, with the respect due to the demands of an entire nation. When the election returns were made known, they astounded even those who had been most sanguine as to the triumph of the Home Rule party. Mr. Parnell had not merely secured five-sixths of the entire Parliamentary representation of the country. His nominees had been returned by majorities such as were never seen before in a Parliamentary contest—majorities in some cases of ten or even twenty to one.

Everybody knows what followed. Mr. Gladstone acknowledged that in these new circumstances, if the Irish people would accept a settlement of the question of Home Rule which was not incompatible with the maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, the rights of minorities, and the due administration of justice, their demands ought to be met, and he intimated to the then Prime Minister—Lord Salisbury—his readiness to support him in carrying out a policy in this direction.

Why was not Lord Hartington so far in agreement with Mr. Gladstone as to support him in taking this step? Up to that moment there was every reason to believe that he was just as much inclined to meet the new condition of things in Ireland in a conciliatory spirit as were Lord Spencer, Lord Ripon, Lord Rosebery, and other men who had been his colleagues in the last Liberal Government. Alas! there is good reason to think that Lord Hartington would have viewed Mr. Gladstone's proposals in a different light if he had heard of them a little earlier. It is sad to think that even a man of such sterling and admirable qualities as those which distinguish Lord Hartington should not be altogether exempt from the weaknesses of ordinary men. But it must be confessed that it was no slight mortification for a man who had stood so high in the confidence of his chief and of his party as Lord Hartington had done, to get the first actual notification of a grave change in the Liberal policy from the newspapers, and to know that others had been taken into the confidence of his leader before a word had been spoken to him.

It was almost inevitable, in these circumstances, that he should from the first have regarded Mr. Gladstone's proposals with disfavour. They were the logical outcome of principles

which he himself had recognised with approval; their acceptance would not have involved any greater sacrifice of old opinions on his part than was involved in his assent to the framing of the Franchise Bill. But he had been approached in the wrong fashion, and as a natural consequence he looked at the new policy on the wrong side.

At the outset, like Mr. Bright, he was slow to commit himself. He was really pained at having to part from the illustrious man under whose banner he had served so long, and from the party with which he had worked so loyally. He moved apart with slow and faltering steps, casting many a longing look behind, and carefully refraining from any word or act which might tend to make re-union at some future day impossible. But by-and-by his temper changed. He became more bitter against the Home Rule policy, more contemptuous towards the Home Rule party; and he even seemed to welcome the idea of an active alliance with that Tory party to which throughout his life he had been opposed.

What was the secret of this change? It was the secret of Lord Hartington's character; the secret which explains why he has now lost ground so largely in the popular estimation. With all his high personal qualities, his loyalty, his integrity, his frankness, his freedom from self-seeking, he suffers from one fatal defect. The instinct of leadership is not his. An admirable lieutenant, he cannot initiate or guide a policy of his own. When he is placed at the head of a party—as was the case, for example, from 1875 to 1880—he becomes the mere instrument or mouth-piece of others. He does what they tell him—so long as he believes it to be right—but takes no trouble to act on his own initiative. Of late years his natural lethargy has increased his indisposition to be more than the titular leader of his party. He is the figure-head of the vessel, not the pilot, and he yields at every moment to the pressure of the force behind him. This is how it has come to pass that he has gradually taken up a position of distinct and even bitter hostility towards Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal policy. If his intellectual powers had been commensurate with the greatness of his position in the political world, the case would probably have been different, and he would have led the Liberal Unionists by a distinct line of his own instead of leaving them to drift in the wake of the Tory party. But all who know Lord Hartington, all who have been brought into close contact with him in public life, know that whatever may be his moral fibre he is intellectually a weak man, and those who know him best are least surprised at that woful loss of the instincts and principles of Liberalism of which he has given proof during the last four years. There is no important politician of our time who is more unmistakably “on the wane” than the chief of the Liberal Unionists.

THE DEBATE ON THE LAND BILL.

THE debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill is unquestionably one of the most singular that has ever taken place in the House of Commons on an Irish subject. The Bill has been introduced for the purpose of settling (once more) the Irish agrarian difficulty—a difficulty which, if we accept the views of the Unionists, lies at the root of all troubles in Ireland, and the removal of which would take all strength from the Home Rule movement, destroy the power of the Parnellite party, and make the post of Secretary for Ireland for the future a bed of roses. The Ministers who have advocated the measure, speak of it as offering an immense boon to the Irish tenants, and to the whole Irish community; and yet during four days of debate not one single non-official Irish member has said a word in support of the Bill, unless we are to class Mr. T. W. Russell as non-official; whilst the party which represent nineteen-twentieths of the Irish tenantry have condemned the Bill in no doubtful terms.

Surely there is no end to the novelties and surprises of

Irish politics. In the year 1890 we are witnesses of the unparalleled spectacle of an English Tory Government forcing on the Irish tenantry a great boon, and insisting on carrying out what they themselves describe as the original programme of the Land League. And this in spite of the protests of the Parnellite party.

Some of the admissions made during the debate are most interesting and valuable, and will undoubtedly be noted in Ireland. All the speakers assumed that, in order to secure peace in Ireland, the annual payments of the tenants—it doesn't matter whether we call them rent or instalments of purchase—must be lowered by from 20 to 30 per cent. And this reduction is to take effect on rents fixed by the Courts.

“Unless,” said Mr. Balfour in introducing the Bill, “Unless you give some inducement to the tenant to buy, he will not buy.”

To me it seems that it would be impossible to imagine a position more demoralising to Ireland (from a Tory point of view) than that taken up by the Ministry in introducing this Bill. The policy is proposed, not because justice requires it, but because agitation has made the situation of the Irish landlord an impossible one. And because the Irish tenants show some hesitation in buying, an inducement or bribe is offered to them in the shape of a 30 per cent. reduction on judicial rents. The Irish tenants will see in this declaration of Mr. Balfour's a complete justification of our policy of the last ten years.

But perhaps the most remarkable occurrence in the whole of this singularly interesting debate was the partial acceptance by Mr. Goschen of Mr. Parnell's proposal. This amounted to a specific admission on the part of the Government that judicial rents in Ireland needed to be reduced by 30 per cent. Else on what conceivable ground can they defend the using of British credit for the purpose of reducing these rents—how especially when we are told by Mr. Balfour that order and the supremacy of law have been restored in Ireland, and there ought to be no difficulty in levying fair rents?

Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere—who spoke in their best form—considered the Bill from the point of view of the British taxpayer, and put a dilemma to the Government from which no attempt has yet been made to extricate them—either the rents in Ireland are fair or they are not. If they are not fair, why pay the landlords for reducing them? If they are fair, why reduce them at all?

It would be impossible for me within the limits of this article to deal with the speech of Mr. Chamberlain and the new developments which it introduced into the debate, or into the questions of the so-called securities, or the Government's proposals for dealing with the congested districts. After listening for four days to this debate, nothing, I confess, has made a deeper impression on my mind than the languidness and utter want of intelligent interest displayed by the majority of the House. We are told that the Tory whips find it all but impossible to get men on their side to speak in support of the Bill. Tory members say that the Bill is of a highly technical character, and that they know nothing whatever about the question. The few who have spoken from the Conservative side of the House—like Sir Walter Barttelot, etc.—have confined themselves to generalities as to the danger of leaving the question unsettled, and the great advantages to Ireland of having this cause of disturbance removed. But no one has ventured to state that this measure will settle the Irish agrarian difficulty, much less attempted to show from the provisions of the Bill on what grounds such a desirable result may be hoped for.

“Mr. Parnell,” says the Dublin *Daily Express* of Tuesday, April 22nd, “objected that it was not a measure for settling the Irish Land Question. This, of course, is obvious. As it stands, it can only settle a tenth part of it.” So that, for once, the landlords' organ in Ireland agrees with Mr. Parnell. This objection has been urged again and again

during the debate, and no attempt has been made to meet it. Yet the British House of Commons is discussing this proposal to pledge the credit of the nation to the extent of £33,000,000, with little more apparent interest or real knowledge than if it were a question of constructing a main drain in Birmingham. And this although the speeches made during the debate—and the Bill itself, if passed into law in its present shape—will have the most vital and far-reaching effects in Ireland, and although it becomes more and more apparent as the debate goes on that the proposals of the Government will settle nothing, but on the contrary will raise fresh grievances and difficulties in connection with the Irish question, and make confusion worse confounded.

JOHN DILLON.

"THE DEFACTION OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË."

IN the April number of the *North American Review* a communication is printed from the pen of a Mr. (or Mrs.) Marion Harland, in which a book written by myself some fourteen years ago is made the subject of a strange misrepresentation, and I, as its writer, am held up to what appears to be well-deserved public odium. The book was called "Charlotte Brontë: a Monograph," and the article in which this belated notice of it appears is entitled "The Defamation of Charlotte Brontë." The net result of Mr. Harland's observations is that the present writer, in common with Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mrs. L. B. Walford, has been guilty of bringing the most serious charge against Charlotte Brontë which can be brought against any woman. I have "defamed" her, it seems, and virtually have re-echoed the opinion of the famous *Quarterly Reviewer* who, when "Jane Eyre" first appeared, declared that it could only have been written by a woman who had, "for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her own sex." Such is the opinion of this lady or gentleman (I prefer to assume that Marion Harland is the latter) regarding my little book about one of the greatest of Englishwomen.

For the fortunes of my book I cannot pretend to feel any anxiety. It has long since been out of print in this country, where it went through three or four editions in the course of a few months; and if it is still to be purchased in America, I at least cannot profit by the sale—thanks to the peculiar notions of morality entertained by those compatriots of Mr. Harland who pursue the calling of a publisher. But I confess that when I found myself openly charged in an influential Review with having defamed the character of a woman whom I have never regarded with any other feeling than that of the most profound reverence and admiration, I was moved by astonishment even more than by indignation. What does it all mean? On what grounds does this American writer pretend to have found in the books of Mr. Birrell and myself a foul charge against the moral character of one whom I myself have described, probably before Mr. Harland was aware of her existence, as "one of the purest and noblest of her sex"?

It all arises, it appears, from my statement that the turning-point in Charlotte Brontë's career was her second stay at Brussels in the *pension* of M. and Madame Héger, and that "its true history and meaning are to be found in 'Villette,' the master-work of her mind, and the revelation of the most vivid passages in her own heart's history." Will it be believed that upon *this* foundation, and this only, Mr. Harland has charged me with having defamed Charlotte Brontë by representing her as the heroine of a vulgar and criminal amour during this stay at Brussels! To use his own language, upon which I shall not attempt to improve: "Back of the heroic daughter and loving wife we have honoured in the great novelist, lies an ugly story that changes the radiance of genius into the flame flickering above a shallow shameful grave." And having penned this libel upon Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Harland has the audacity to try to fasten its authorship upon me!

It is true that part of his reprobation falls upon Mr. Birrell—who is quite able to defend himself, and for whose book on Charlotte Brontë I have no sort of responsibility—but I am evidently the greater sinner in the eyes of Mr. Harland. Indeed, in his anxiety to convict me, he prints certain words of Mr. Birrell's in italics, and then calmly leads his readers to imagine that they are mine. So after fourteen years I am dragged to the light of day to receive the punishment which is undoubtedly the due of any man or woman who defames Charlotte Brontë.

Mr. Harland has made out his case against me by a very simple process. It is quite true that I did make the statement that the turning-point in Charlotte Brontë's career was her second sojourn in Brussels. I made that statement upon authority which was not to be disputed—the authority of Charlotte Brontë's own letters, fortified by the testimony of her dearest friends. I did add to my statement words implying that in Lucy Snowe, the heroine of the wonderful tale of "Villette," might be found a portrait of Charlotte Brontë herself, and that the Paul Emanuel of the same story had his original in M. Héger, the principal of the *pension* in which Charlotte lived during her stay in Brussels. Does Mr. Harland dispute these statements? Let him do so if he can; they will assuredly be disputed by no one who has any acquaintance with the facts.

But out of what inconceivable depths of puerility has Mr. Harland evolved the notion that either directly or indirectly I was hinting at some shameful blot upon the fair fame of the woman whose life and character I was seeking to analyse? In bringing this charge against me he flatly ignores my own statement, which must have been before him when he wrote, to the effect that there was nothing in the story of Charlotte's stay at Brussels which "affected even in an infinitesimal degree the fame and honour of the woman." The truth is, that out of his own unclean imagination he has evolved a false and shameful story respecting the woman whose champion he professes to be, and that then—probably as an excuse for trumpeting his discovery to the world—he has pretended to find proofs of the charge in the innocent little book he has chosen so grossly to malign.

What are the facts of the story on which he puts so dark a complexion? On the death of their aunt, Charlotte and Emily Brontë were hastily summoned home to Haworth from Brussels. Their father was a lonely and selfish man, and he wished them henceforth to remain under his roof. Emily complied; but Charlotte would not do so. She burned to return to the place where she was tasting the keen pleasures of an intellectual life, the novelty of which fascinated her. So in spite of her father's wish to the contrary, she went back to the Belgian capital. Undoubtedly one great attraction there was the brilliantly clever man who was at the head of the *pension*. What manner of man Charlotte believed him to be, will be seen by those who turn to the pages of "Villette." He was original, paradoxical, extremely able, and a wonderful talker. Charlotte Brontë, the poor Yorkshire governess, had met nobody like him before. He was certainly not the kind of man she was likely to meet with in those days in the homes of the West Riding manufacturers. So she bowed down before her "master," and meekly submitted herself to that rough but stimulating process of intellectual correction to which he subjected her, and which undoubtedly had much to do with the development of her natural gifts.

M. Héger himself, curiously enough, persistently snubbed Charlotte Brontë. He believed her sister Emily to be a genius; but he only saw in Charlotte in those days "an infinite capacity for taking pains." It was all the better for her that it should be so; for he was merciless to her in her mistakes, and in order to avoid his ready sarcasms when she made one of those blunders so natural in a young woman whose education had been exceptionally poor even for those times, she was compelled to be constantly on her guard. It was at all times a kind of fencing match between herself and her master; disagreeable at first, but by-and-by exhilarating; and when the exhilaration began to predominate, and she found that she could hold her own against the

brilliant Belgian, is it wonderful that Charlotte Brontë got to like not only the task but the teacher?

There never was any relationship between them but that of master and pupil. Nor was there ever any hint to the contrary. But that M. Héger exercised a certain amount of fascination over Charlotte in those days, and that she was inclined to idealise his character, and perhaps to exaggerate his powers, is certain. How could it well be otherwise? Given a shy, nervous, untrained young woman of genius, and a clever and striking man of the world, the first whom she had ever met, and is it not natural that the young woman, having learned to like and esteem her teacher, should end by making a kind of private hero of him? And who is there who will say that this intellectual relationship between a man and a woman is in the slightest degree incompatible with the absolute purity of both? The world would be a poor place to live in if it were otherwise.

But Charlotte Brontë, with that tender conscience of hers, was never quite happy at Brussels during her second stay. Perhaps she discovered that M. Héger thought more highly of Emily's powers than of her own; perhaps she found that she was not altogether welcome on her return to the *pension*. It is certain that she never got on well with Madame Héger, and that during this second stay at Brussels their relations were anything but friendly. Then she remembered Haworth and her father's earnest desire that she should remain at home; and so, little by little, her spirits failed. She believed that she had no friend in Brussels; even the master to whom she owed so much, and for whom she had so true a regard and admiration, seemed changed; life was slipping from her; she felt that she had failed in her duty to her father and sisters; for were not the latter battling with the household nightmare at lonely Haworth whilst she was pursuing her own personal ends at Brussels? The gloom deepened and darkened around the lonely, sensitive girl, until at last, in a moment when everything seemed blacker than usual, she fled to St. Gudule, and, Protestant to the backbone as she was, poured out her sorrows in the ears of a kindly Catholic priest.

That is the story of Charlotte's second stay at Brussels. She came back, as I have said, "disillusioned;" laden with memories which years afterwards she wove with delicate masterly skill into the glorious fabric of "Villette;" in her own words, she suffered "a total withdrawal for two years of happiness and peace of mind." It was her "punishment," she declared for having been selfish enough to go to Brussels when she felt that she ought to have remained with Emily at home. But that during this second stay at Brussels, the proud pure soul of the woman had even for a single instant lain under so much as the suspicion of reproach, is what no sane man or woman who knows Charlotte Brontë really believes; and thank God! most people have by this time learned to know and love her.

T. WEMYSS REID.

TRAVEL TALKS.

II.—SUSA.

WE must confess with shame that it was not till it was needful to make a practical study of the hours of the steamers along the African coast that we found out that there was a third Susa in the world. The Susa of the Great King in Herodotus, Shushan the Palace in the book of Esther, is familiar enough, at least by name. And so is, or should be, that Susa which we pass soon after crossing the Italian frontier by Mont Cenis, and which, by its picturesque position and its noble bell-tower, almost implores us to stop and look at it. That is the Susa of Guntchramn and Pippin, not a little memorable in Frankish and Lombard history. But there *Susa* is only short for *Secusia*, and *Secusia* has assuredly nothing to do with Shushan. And it is quite certain that *Secusia* has nothing to do with the third Susa, nor is it very likely that Shushan has either. Of our third Susa, our African Susa, the true local name certainly is *Susa*; it is

distinctly so sounded on Arab lips; but the French, with their strange fancy for cutting off the tails of every name they meet, have already made it into *Sousse*. It stands on the eastern side of that *quasi* peninsula of which the Cape of Hermes or *Bon* is the most prominent point. It looks out on the wide basin of the eastern Mediterranean, a tempting haven of rest for men of Tyre and Sidon seeking a home beyond the waters to the west. How it came by the name of Susa Arabic scholars must settle; but our books tell us that it represents Phœnician and Roman Hadrumetum, and the name of Hadrumetum at once calls up memories.

Susa, or Hadrumetum, is now in the hands of the last European invaders of Africa. It is an important station of the French army which keeps the whole land of Tunis in order. And it was one of the points that was won by the first European invader of Africa, and its name figures in intermediate warfare of the same kind. In mediæval interest it is not equal to a point to the south of it, Mahadia, "Africa," conquest of King Roger, which somehow on European lips took the name of the whole land, and figures as "the strong town of Africa" in the text and the illuminations of Froissart. But the town which Agathoklès took in the same campaign with Tunis, the town to which Hannibal rode after the day of Zama, or Naraggara, has its marked place in earlier history. And the campaign of Agathoklès suggests a question which one must be somewhat of an Alpine climber to answer. Diodoros tells us that the Syracusan invader made his way to a high place from which he could be seen at once at Tunis and at Hadrumetum. Is this true of any of the mountains, with their sharp and bold outlines, on which we look to the south of the lake of Tunis? Leaving such high matters, and keeping to the lowlier work of studying what was Hadrumetum, we look to Susa itself. As usual, we see nothing Punic; we see nothing Roman save columns torn from their places. All that meets the eye is the very visible presence of the two last waves of abiding conquest on Libyan soil. The Saracen is still there in his Saracen city; the Frenchman is encamped before his gates.

We have confessed to a very recent acquaintance only with the very name of the African Susa; and its name came to us in the light of the name of a halting-place between Tunis and the renowned Saracen city of Kairwan. A steamer bound for Malta takes you from La Goletta to Susa, or at least to a point in the Mediterranean from which you get a good view of Susa, and from which an open boat will take you to Susa itself. These African ports, like those of Sicily, Italy, and Sardinia, are sadly behind even a Dalmatian standard of civilisation. You can walk on shore at Spalato and Cattaro; but at Cagliari you anchor within about two yards of the shore, and still have to take a boat to do those two yards. At La Goletta there is indeed the small steamer which plies between the shore and the great sea; but here at Susa the floating home that you have left lies quietly on the water, looking calmly on its late inhabitants going up and down with every wave of the long pieces of sea between steamer and haven. Susa, in this point of view, is the place to which steamers and boat between them take you from La Goletta, and the place from which the tram—the tram that runs twice a week each way—takes you to Kairwan. Happily the hours of tram and steamer allow you to take in a general notion of Susa both going and coming, and Susa, in its present state, gives some instructive lessons when seen just after Tunis and just before Kairwan.

Of these three points, Tunis, conquest of Agathoklès, still keeps the name by which Agathoklès conquered it. Hadrumetum, conquest of Agathoklès, shelter of Hannibal, has changed its name for one which they never heard of. Kairwan, name and thing, comes from an age when Agathoklès and Hannibal, and all that they represented, had passed away. Its existence marks the passing away of all that immediately succeeded them. It is therefore perhaps fitting that of the three Susa should be more Oriental, more Saracen, than Tunis, and Kairwan more Oriental, more Saracen, than Susa. Susa is not in itself more Oriental than Tunis; for nothing can be more Oriental than those parts of Tunis which

are Oriental. But it is more exclusively Oriental, and we better take in the look of the Oriental town as a whole. At no European town but Aigues-Mortes can one characteristic of a true Eastern town be seen in all its perfection. That is, the Eastern town stands, as it were, self-contained, the walls sharply part it as a whole from the country round, instead of the town, as in Europe, dying off into the country in the shape of suburbs. Old Carcassonne, or any town on a hill—not merely on a hill-side—has a somewhat different effect, and Old Carcassonne is still, after all, in some sort the akropolis of New Carcassonne. At Aigues-Mortes, in its dead flat, the effect comes out in perfection. There is a tradition that Aigues-Mortes was actually designed after the pattern of Damascus; but the sites of Aigues-Mortes and Damascus must be strikingly unlike each other. Susa by no means stands in a dead flat, but, like Tunis, on the slope of a hill; but neither Tunis nor Susa is a hill-city like Old Carcassonne. On all the sides of Susa save the one to the sea, we get this particular effect of walls with nothing outside the walls, in a far higher degree than we do in any part of Tunis. Even on the inland side, where are the quarters of the French soldiers, they have kindly kept far enough away to allow a perfect study of the wall, its battlements of the true Saracenic shape, and the one grand gateway which breaks the long range. They also allow room enough for the full display of Eastern life under the walls, for the picturesque barbarians of various types, for their camels, standing or kneeling, now and then with the black tents of the desert set up just outside the city. The two extremes of history meet, and the intermediate times have vanished. Of Hadrumetum, Punic or Roman, we see no sign beyond a column or two worked into the gateway. But the life of the desert, older than Phœnician settlement, is there still; and the name of Arab is in these parts a vague one. Under it, besides the children of the true Arabian conquerors, we doubtless mingle together not a few children of races older than any settlement from Canaan, men who are Arabs only in their adoption of the conquerors' creed and speech. And close by them, near but apart in all things, are the newest comers of our own day. They have brought back a Latin speech into the once Roman land—a Latin speech for which their forefathers exchanged their own, just as the old Libyan has exchanged his for the speech of Arabia.

Susa is chary of gateways, save only on the side towards the sea, where they abound. But the single gate on the inland side is a grand one. When the wall of which it is the centre has been looked at, it is a striking walk down to the sea, under the long southern wall, unbroken by a single gate. But if unbroken in this sense, it is not unbroken in its line, for the citadel projects from the south-west corner. *Kasba* is the name in the present speech of Susa; when we think of Hadrumetum, we doubt whether we ought to speak of *Bozrah* or of *Akropolis*. We follow the angles of the wall, and mark the square tower which the *Kasba* throws up to a greater height than any other building in the city. There is a certain pleasure in stepping out the walls of any town of any date, and this pleasure puts on a new shape when it is one of the Saracen towns whose walls we are treading. It is altogether another business either from tracking the line of primæval blocks round some Latin or Hernican hill-town, or from following the wall of Dionysios round the edge of the Syracusan hill. At Susa we are not, as we are at Syracuse, anxious about dates. The whitewash shows no masonry; only here and there the whitewash has fallen off, and we see that the walls of Susa, like most things hereabouts, are built of brick. But be they of the days of the early Caliphs or of the days of some modern Bey, they are built after a fashion which has certainly lingered on from the days of Constantine and Diocletian.

The buildings within the walls we begin to study with an eye which has now been somewhat instructed at Tunis. The main features of Saracenic architecture are no longer strange to us. We are examining a smaller town, with fewer great buildings of

any class. We meet therefore with fewer striking objects than at Tunis, but the general style of building is the same. The narrowness and crookedness of the streets is felt even more than at Tunis, on account of Susa lying more immediately on the slope of the hill. And, as at Tunis, we look in vain for anything answering to the long *Cassaro* of Palermo. We have mosques and mosque-towers of the same type as at Tunis, but there is hardly room from the great arcaded courts which are the main features of the mosques and palaces of the larger city. And some architectural features at Susa strike us as different from those to which we have become used at Tunis. But it will be well to wait for a little more knowledge still, before we venture on a technical word. But we may notice even thus early that the forms of arch seem more various at Susa than at Tunis. There is, as at Tunis, plenty of the horse-shoe; but there is also a free use both of the pointed arch and of the true semicircular shape. In short, two very short visits to Susa bring to light so many points worthy of notice that one would be well pleased to make a more thorough examination of it. But as things stand, Susa is first of all the place for taking the tram to Kairwan. Six-and-thirty miles of horse-tram in open carriages with curtains is at present the established way of going from the coast to the holy city. The road is not very exciting. We pass through no town, and the country has a very desolate air. "Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis" must surely have been mainly supplied by other districts. Very little grows on the way, and very little seems to live, save shepherds with their sheep; for here sheep are plentiful, and not, as in Sicily, a small minority among the goats. Beside them we see little of animal life; our tram startles none of the smaller beasts, and there seems to be no chance whatever of meeting a lion. But there is some scenery. We see distant mountains and a distant lake; and at one point we pass by a large mass of Roman masonry, showing that man once had dwellings where now there is only desolation. At last we see the goal of our journey, the most distant point of our journey in a third continent. We see the white towers and cupolas of Kairwan.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF LONDON.

AS patients in the past sometimes recovered in spite of the doctors, and as people have succeeded in practical life in spite of their University education, so the electric lighting of London has acquired a healthy vitality in spite of the ill-judged attentions bestowed on that precocious infant. First it was forced in the stimulating atmosphere of the Stock Exchange; hundreds of thousands of pounds were subscribed to rear the child concerning which such high expectations had been formed; but speedily it was abandoned to make way for "Nitrates," or some other more fascinating boom, and electric lighting generally was consigned to the vast region of the unpractical. Quick growth was not, however, the only cause which made the electric light feeble in its infancy; the swaddling clothes, in which a too paternal Legislature insisted in 1886 that it should be swathed, cramped its energy and lessened its vitality. Instead of leaving the babe alone, grandmotherly ignorance would insist on handing over to the local authority any installation for electrically lighting a district as soon as it had attained its majority; and the price to be paid for this compulsory sale of a possibly very flourishing business was to be simply the market value of the land and plant. In view of the improvements in electrical machinery that might be expected to take place in twenty-one years, it might fairly have been anticipated that before the end of this period the dynamo machines and other apparatus would very properly have been replaced twice over, since the improvements in electric machinery advance steadily and rapidly; but the local authorities were still to be empowered to step in, to disregard all that had been done

in building up a good business, such as preliminary experiments, legal expenses, Parliamentary inquiries, the substitution of improved machinery for older and less efficient apparatus, and to purchase the whole as a going concern for the mere market value of the land and plant.

This state of things becoming intolerable, Lord Thurlow's Bill was passed in 1888, the date of the compulsory purchase was postponed from twenty-one to forty-two years, it was recognised that the value of a business could not be estimated by the mere value of the stock-in-trade at any particular moment, and electric lighting became commercially practicable. The London Electric Supply Corporation then made application to obtain powers to run their wires along twenty-seven railways and tramways, and through thirty London parishes; several other companies with more modest aspirations, but still each desirous of obtaining a large slice of London, joined in applying to the Board of Trade for thirteen provisional orders and two licences. A licence is a permission granted to a company for seven years to break up the streets and lay wires, by the Board of Trade with the consent of the local authority; while a provisional order is granted for forty-two years, requires no consent of the local authority, but must be confirmed by a Bill in Parliament. Neither when granted creates any monopoly. In view of this rush to obtain permission to light London, the Board of Trade held a protracted inquiry about this time last year to examine into the whole question of the supply of electricity to the Metropolis. This resulted in an able report by Majors Marindin and Cardew, who recommended an electrical sub-division of London among nine companies. London is now, therefore, being studded with electric lighting "central stations," and electric mains are now being laid under our streets at a rate of which many of us are quite unaware. In September last, for example, the Chelsea Electricity Supply Company were giving current to 41 houses containing 2,990 glow lamps, in December the numbers were 93 houses and 8,730 lamps, while in the middle of February last 134 houses, with over 10,000 lights, were on the companies' books, so that already more dynamo machines are being placed in the central station near Sloane Square. The House to House Electric Supply Company finished the erection, in the early part of last year, of three large dynamo machines on the ground between the West Brompton Railway Station and the cemetery—"between the quick and the dead," as somebody remarked. In June last this vast installation was only supplying current to 800 glow lamps of ten candle power; but in January this number had increased to 9,000, while now 13,000 lamps have to be provided for. With other electric supply companies it is the same, Goethe's cry for "more light" is daily heard.

But rapid as is this development of electric lighting in London, it cannot be compared with the strides this industry has made both on the Continent and in America. For while at the commencement of the year it was estimated that the electrical industries of America had £120,000,000 invested in them, and gave constant employment to 250,000 people, the total amount embarked in the supply of electricity to London was only £3,000,000, or less than one-quarter of the capital of the Metropolitan gas companies.

This greater employment of electricity abroad is partly due to the high price of gas in foreign towns; for example, although electric energy is supplied in London at about half the cost that it is in Milan, gas is supplied in London at a little more than one-third of the cost. And, therefore, while the yearly bill for lighting a London house with electric glow lamps is nearly three times as large as if gas had been used, the Milanese only pays half as much again when he replaces gas by electricity. If therefore even the Londoner finds that the absence of heat, bad air, and damage to the decoration of his rooms, pays him to oust gas and spend yearly three times as much as before for his lighting, one understands why foreigners have been so quick in adopting electricity.

The supply of electric energy is either paid for in the same sort of way that the water supply is paid for, by a fixed charge

per lamp per year irrespectively of the number of hours that the current is used; or the supply is by meter, in which case the total quantity of electricity that passes through the house in a given time is registered. It is interesting to notice that the electric meters, although in their infancy, already record as accurately, if not more accurately, than the ordinary house gas-meter, to which they have a general outside resemblance. Electricity, unlike water, is of no value except in so far as it is a means of conveying pressure, hence what is purchased is electric energy, not electricity, and the amount of electric energy that is given out by a current of ten amperes flowing for one hour with a pressure of 100 volts is called one Board of Trade unit, and has a uniform charge of eightpence throughout the Metropolis. For this sum a light of about 300 candles can be obtained for one hour, if glow lamps be employed, or a light of about 2,500 candles if an arc lamp be used.

In order to be able to employ comparatively thin copper conductors to convey the current from the generating stations to the houses much higher pressures than 100 volts are usually maintained between the street-mains, and much smaller currents are sent through them than pass through the houses. And either at each house, or in some cases at what are known as "distributing stations," a transformer is employed to transform the high-pressure and small current into a safe small-pressure and large current for use in the houses. The Chelsea Electricity Supply, and the Kensington and Knightsbridge Companies, use storage cells as their transformer, while the London Electric Supply, the Metropolitan, and the House to House Companies use the alternate-current transformer; and it is about these two systems of distribution that electricians have been contending during the past two years. Transformation by storage cells has the advantage of rendering the supply of current to the houses independent of temporary breakdowns of the dynamo machines and steam engines, and of keeping the house-wires absolutely independent of the high-pressure street-mains. There is, however, the disadvantage that the first cost of storage cells, as well as their cost of maintenance, is large.

Other companies supply parts of London on what is known as the low-pressure system without any transformation at all. The commercial disadvantages of this low-pressure system, if used for distribution over a large area, are on the one hand great, while the dangers of the high-pressure system are not necessarily by any means as serious as people imagine. True, if telephone, telegraph, and fire-alarm wires be all jumbled up on one post with high-pressure electric-power circuits, arc-light and alternate-current transformer circuits, as in New York, it is not to be wondered at that twenty-two people have been killed electrically in that one town during the ten years 1880-90; nor are we surprised at true reports coming across the Atlantic of horses being struck dead by their becoming entangled in broken overhead wires, or at mythical tales being cabled about legendary bits of iron wire which, when cut off from the main overhead wires of New York, fizzled for half an hour in the gutter, like a red-hot horseshoe just taken out of the blacksmith's forge.

New York, however, is not the only town in the world where high-pressure circuits are employed, since for many years past a network of wires, with a pressure of as much as 2,400 volts, might be seen radiating from the top of the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street and going from house-top to house-top to supply electric light all over western London. But in all this period not one single person has been killed by the electric current furnished by the Grosvenor Gallery installation; so that when these overhead wires of the London Electric Supply Corporation are decently buried underground, as it has been decided they shall be, the danger to the public will be far less than that of travelling by railway, while the risk to the electric light workmen will be incomparably smaller than that run by miners, seamen, and men generally in factories. As to the danger of gas being fired by high pressure electric mains, that can only possibly happen if the gas-pipes are faulty, and gas has

leaked into the electric-light conduits. Just as the present speed of railway trains has been arrived at by experience, and not by the dogmas of sixty years ago, which settled that ten miles an hour was the maximum speed that could be consistent with safety, so the system of electric distribution, and the pressure that it is best to employ in any particular case, will be worked out by trial. At Deptford an experiment is now being carried on, as bold in conception, and possibly as important in its future effects, as the attempts made thirty years ago to lay a submarine telegraph cable across the Atlantic. It is to send the electric energy from Deptford to London by underground wires at a pressure of 10,000 volts, transform this pressure into one of 2,400 volts at sub-stations in London—such as the Grosvenor Gallery will become at the end of this year—and then transform it again down to 100 volts at the consumers' premises. The first underground cables laid from Deptford have failed to stand this pressure of 10,000 volts, and the critics are calling out, "I told you so;" so was the 1857 Atlantic cable abandoned after only a fortnight's life, and submarine telegraphy between England and America declared an impossibility. Let the success of the numerous cables through which hundreds of telegrams are now daily signalled across the Atlantic make us chary of pronouncing this or that scheme impossible. Every one of the nine companies who have undertaken the lighting of London have set themselves to solve, in different ways, a new problem more or less surrounded with difficulties. The working out of these electric problems can be hindered, or can be greatly helped, according as the public assume a frightened and dubious attitude, or an encouraging and trustful one; but all past experience as regards the survival of the fittest shows that it is the fittest systems that will survive and eventually grow, whether they be fostered or whether they be thwarted in their infancy.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

"IS it a good Academy?" We can only reply, sorrowfully but decisively, "No!" Scarcely a single artist of any note is up to his own highest level; while, with one possible exception, we can think of none who has risen above it. This result is, of course, very largely due to the multiplication of exhibitions. Suppose we could add Mr. Burne-Jones's "Briar-Rose" series, Mr. Orchardson's "Music" and his portrait of himself, the three little Tadmans at the New Gallery, Mr. Herkomer's full length of Mr. Panmure Gordon, Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Louisa, Lady Ashburton," Mr. Shannon's "Sir Alfred Lyall," Mr. Lathague's "Leaving Home," and Mr. Collier's "John Burns"—to be content with a list which might be very materially lengthened—we should make an enormous difference in both the quality and the interest of the exhibition.

The poor impression made by the show which will open to the "shilling public" on Monday is caused to some extent by bad hanging. This year Mr. Armstead has shown himself a born hanger by his arrangement of the sculpture. The sculpture room is a contrast to the rest of the galleries, not only by its contents, which show an astonishing advance upon, say, ten years ago, but by the general nobility of its appearance. Why should Mr. Armstead not be allowed to repeat his triumph until further notice?

In this article we shall speak of some of the more interesting things in the first three rooms. Close to our left elbow, as we enter, hangs a small picture, by Mr. Seymour Lucas, of the going round of the loving-cup at some banquet of the last century (4). It is excellent in character, broad in handling, warm and harmonious in colour. Next we come to a picture bought "under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest." It is by Mr. Robert W. Macbeth, and the subject is "The Cast Shoe" (19). What Mr. Macbeth has really succeeded in

painting, or rather in suggesting, is the bath of luminous air which fills a valley in summer. The horse, and the figures near him, are put in with a somewhat hasty hand, but good colour and truth of atmosphere make amends. "The moon is up, and yet it is not night" (25) is the only Millais we have seen this year in which we could take any sort of pleasure; but even this shows a startling falling off. Mr. Hook is a much older man than Sir John Millais, but his "Last Night's Disaster" (75) and some other contributions, to be hereafter named, show no sign of failing powers. The picture just mentioned is not, indeed, a thoroughly satisfactory or even characteristic Hook. The sky is torn and heavy, while its harmony with the sea is not convincing. The gruesome possibilities of the sea are hinted at more forcibly in "Davy Jones's Locker" (81), by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. The subject is simply the bottom of the sea, with the delicate pinks and reds and yellows of its vegetation and its zoöphites, with its little silver fishes, with that golden-green of salt water which is its atmosphere, with the splendid rust of a lost anchor, with the suspicion of a human bone gleaming through the sand, and in the distance—as distance counts beneath the sea—the ghostly outline of some ship long since foundered. Mr. Wyllie professes to paint nothing he has not seen! So he rigged himself out in diving costume and made a series of minute-and-a-half descents to collect materials for what, perhaps, is rather a document than a picture in the fullest sense of the word. The last thing before which we pause in this room is a portrait (98). The sitter is "Mrs. D. Dale," and the painter Mr. William Carter. Four or five years ago Mr. Carter sprang into favour with those who know how a young man who is to go far should begin. Mr. Carter seems inclined to hurry over-much. The free brush-play of a master is the natural, almost unconscious, result of familiarity with detailed truth. He generalises instinctively because he knows so thoroughly what is there, and understands so completely what he may take and what he may leave. At this Mr. Carter has not yet arrived, and if he loosens his hand it is from a simple wish to be in the fashion. His "Mrs. Dale" is very clever. Uncompromising in conception, it is carried out with much vigour and decision. It is only in a certain lack of *enveloppe*, as the French call it, and of significance in the actual play of the brush, that we can recognise an attempt to gallop before he can trot. We only say all this because we believe in Mr. Carter's future.

One of the most interesting things in the second room is Mr. E. A. Abbey's "May-day Morning" (109). The subject, ostensibly, is a couple of lovers sallying forth to a May-day revel. Really it is the effect of a silvery morning light upon their figures and surroundings. Across the back of the picture stretches a long wall in shadow; over this peep blooming trees; while the young people step gaily, hand in hand, across the foreground. The picture has that delicacy which we never seek vainly in Mr. Abbey's work. A small picture by Mr. Greiffenhagen, which here hangs high in a corner, deserved a far better place; Mr. Gow's "After Waterloo" is a well-painted crowd of fugitives on the Genappes Road; Mr. Richmond's portrait of the new Bishop of Durham (124) is simply conceived and a good likeness; Mr. Pattie's "Sir Edmund Hay Currie" (144) has great force and vitality; while Mr. Alma Tadema's head of the new associate, Mr. Ernest Waterlow (160), seems to us one of the finest things he has done. For years past no English painter of the "less masculine sex" has been more consistently artistic than the lady who is now the wife of Mr. Stanhope Forbes. She not only paints *well*; so far she has rivals enough in her own sex; she also paints *pictures*. Her conceptions begin properly and end properly. They have pictorial reasons for existing. They are not "passages;" they are "works." Her "Mignon" (182), at the Academy, is ordinary enough as to subject. It shows us simply a girl of ten or so sitting on a table and fingering a guitar. But by the balance of its parts, and the perfect harmony between its idea and its technique, it becomes a creation. No picture in the whole twelve hundred is more profoundly at peace with itself.

THE NEW GALLERY.

AT the Private View of the New Gallery last Thursday, a lady stood before Mr. Kennedy's "Perseus," gazed at it for some moments, and turned to her friend. "Yes, it's very sad," she said; "terrible in fact. It all comes of her neglecting advice, and not wearing a respirator *at least* during those bitter winds. And now, I hear, there's nothing for it but Madeira."

Then she went away, and another came and looked at Andromeda, and said, "Strange, isn't it, that the woman who 'does' the frocks for the Society papers should dress so oddly herself."

Both speakers were young, pretty, and full of the joy of living. They let their eyes dwell on the pictures with a pleasure which, very wisely, they did not attempt to analyse; and their lips talked of subjects that they really could appreciate and intelligently discuss. Yet these are the very people with whom the satirist makes merry, attempting to show that they turn the Private View into a farce, and thereby desecrate Art.

The satire is cheap. It would be easy to show that these people, so far from desecrating Art, treat her with infinitely more consideration than do the critics. They move about happily for an hour or so within beautifully decorated walls, and being well-bred people for the most part, do not insult the painters by too nice a calculation of the value of the pleasure given. Occasionally, it is true, they will talk as foolishly as any critic; but not as stupidly, because they don't happen to be in earnest. For instance, two young men in tall collars stood under Mr. Shannon's portrait of Sir Alfred Lyall on Thursday, and one young man said to the other, "What price this?" And the other said, "Ah, now, that's the sort of picture I like—stands so well out of the frame." A newspaper critic said the same wicked thing; but the critic *meant* it. In a corner of the west room too there was a crush, somewhat resembling a football scrimmage, around Mr. Sargent's "Portrait Study of Mrs. Comyns Carr," perhaps the strongest piece of work in the gallery, and the only portrait which, to its credit, does not "stand out of the frame." The critics call it a caricature; the casual private viewer remarked, without anger, that he "had had Mrs. Comyns Carr pointed out to him, just now, in the vestibule; and she was not a bit like that." Stated thus boldly, the theory that a casual passer-by can grasp the individuality of a face better than the trained artistic eye that has studied the face for weeks, becomes entirely absurd and quite innocuous. Again, that young maiden showed a well-bred lack of inquisitiveness who, mixing up Nos. 101 and 110 in the catalogue, announced "A Lobster Catcher" as the title of Mr. Albert Moore's "A Young Girl;" although her father was a somewhat coarse old gentleman with a blue bird's-eye necktie, and inquired, with a chuckle, "Where's the sojer, my dear?"

Gustave Flaubert once walked around Paris, white with wrath against a publisher who had liked his book. "Sirs," cried the great man, "he dared to have an opinion upon it!" For an artist to lose his temper over the criticism of a Private View would be as pardonable as the indignation of a hostess whose guests freely and loudly canvassed the merits of the soup set before them. At a dance we do not ask who laid the *parquet* or installed the electric light: we merely say to each other, "Good floor." "Well lit, these rooms are." Or, "Mrs. So-and-so always does one well." For the same reason, how gross it is to inquire who painted this or that picture! and how much better the form of one who approaching a director of the New Gallery should exclaim, "Thanks for a charming hour or two," or "What a delightful taste in decoration you have, Mr. Carr!"

In fact, if the guests would but recognise this, the satirist would be disarmed. His weapons at present are but the solecisms of the few. There was actually found one woman—can we use a politer word?—in the Gallery on Thursday, rude enough to ask how much one particular picture would cost to purchase!

The pictures most angrily discussed were Sir J. E. Millais' "Dew-drenched Furze," Mr. Sargent's portrait and his "Ightham Moat"—a brilliant stretch of lawn with a remarkably happy group

of figures. The pictures that convinced everybody were mainly painted by members of the Alma-Tadema family. Everybody said that the three of Mr. Alma-Tadema were "gems"—which happened to be true. Everybody said also that the roses of "In a Rose Garden" are "perfect." As a matter of fact they stick together like a mess of sweets, and are the mistake of the picture. Mrs. Alma-Tadema's "Battledore and Shuttlecock" was pronounced to be "charming"—and why people neglected her "Self-invited," No. 118, no man knows. There was a constant crowd around the "Leaving Home" of Mr. La Thangue, a picture that has both an artistic and an emotional beauty, and the name gave so much information that few made any grave errors.

A lady in green said that Mr. Adrian Stokes's "A Breaking Wave" was like a whiff of ozone, and if she didn't have tea soon she should faint; and among the landscape painters Messrs. Padgett, Parsons, David Murray, and Cecil M. Round, were all called "dear men."

But all criticism of these pictures was of a *post-mortem* order; for a lady in violet walked in at 4 p.m. and killed every one.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE.

BEFORE the bustle and tumult of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and the New, are fully upon us, it may not be altogether loss to spare a little time for Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and his four great pictures illustrative of the legend of Prince Charming and the Lady of the Sleeping Wood. Their painter, indeed, has given them seven years of unremitting industry. And it well may be that in the distant future, when every other picture of this year of grace, whether shown in busy London or by the fashionable banks of the Seine, has been forgotten, these works will be remembered and held in ever-increasing reverence; for whatever their merits or demerits, they have this high quality—they are unique; they and their painter stand royally alone. Nor dispute as we will about their conventionality, their *technique*, their meaning, and much else concerning them, about which Mr. Burne-Jones never troubled his thoughts, can we with justice, if we have any sense of what is artistic, refuse to admit that a spirit of undefinable and subtle beauty pervades them.

To describe them at all adequately would need more space than we can give. They are uniform in size, eleven feet long by five feet high. The artist has chosen, not the very incident of the awakening from the century of mystic slumber, but the eve of that fateful moment. In the first we have "the fated fairy Prince," just stepping into light, with his shield pushing back the mighty Rose-briar which, "thick close-matted, a wall of green," obscures the dim light, and creeps along the earth in brown coils, big as serpents' bodies. Before him lie, just as they fell, his predecessors. But "the many fail; the one succeeds;" and he is the obedient servant of the high gods. Preceding the Prince into the Council-room were King, Chancellor, and courtiers; all,

"The threat of war, the hope of peace,
The Kingdom's peril and increase,
Sleep on."

Next we are in the "maiden pleasance of the land," an open quadrangle, spacious, luminous with mellow light, where virgins clad in robes of soft splendour, rich, deep-toned and beautiful, sleep in attitudes of exquisite grace. Lastly we enter the Rose-bower, the sanctuary of the Princess, where, in this finer light, the silence is almost audible, and the palpable stillness of the charm rests on all till the magic kiss shall touch the lady's lips, and invincible love "smite this sleeping world awake."

These pictures must be looked upon chiefly as a very noble form of decorative art. They are, of course, entirely conventional in their treatment. But all art is so. All that we can demand is that the convention be broad and consistent throughout. Here the convention is noble, dignified, tranquil, homogeneous in all its details, and satisfying. Mr. Burne-Jones takes us into the ideal

land of pure romance. At first glance there is much we feel inclined to resent, but gradually we see the artist's meaning as a whole, and every detail grows harmonious, and his work clearly comprehensible, not to say in a certain sense natural. In the third picture we find the artist at his perfection—balance of composition, luminosity, breadth, daring and luxurious colour, and the most graceful figures he has ever drawn. In the fourth the high merits cease to rise *in crescendo*, and he in some sense fails to realise the crowning loveliness, the constant beauty which informs "stillness with love and day with light," the perfect form in perfect rest.

Dealing with fairy-land, the artist has asserted his right to be eclectic as to place and date. The folds of his drapery are all conventionally treated, especially when he desires to imply deeper repose, as in the rigid folds of the Princess's couch-covering. Sir Joshua Reynolds held that artists were wrong to concern themselves with texture, that they had no right to indicate fabrics—silk, velvet, linen—that to paint drapery should be their only aim. Mr. Burne-Jones apparently agrees with him. He indicates but one material, though in some cases we wish he would make it less felt, or baize-like—something a little diaphanous would here and there be such a relief. And this brings us to the artist's abiding fault. His colour is superb; his management of crimsons, blues, and purples of Oriental voluptuousness and splendour, and yet a "soft lustre" suffuses it all. But it lacks brilliancy, depth, light, variety. A sense of monotony characterises all this artist's paintings, giving them almost the appearance of tapestries. Mr. Burne-Jones' feeling is, of course, toward the earlier Italian masters; but they had mechanical secrets for compounding, making, and applying their colour undreamed of by their living admirer. Rossetti, at whose feet Mr. Burne-Jones sat, has been surpassed in freedom and grace of drawing, in imagination, and in refinement by his pupil, who attains in these pictures, his master-work, to a position of which we may be proud as a nation—for he is British by birth, education, and feeling, has studied in no foreign schools, and the substance and the manner of his work are totally unlike anything else at home or abroad.

What is the soul of this allegory? Is not beauty sufficient? And we may say in Carlyle's phrase that these pictures are significant of much—or nothing—according to those who look at them. It only remains to add that they are on view at Messrs. Agnew's, in Bond Street, where they are seen to the best advantage in a gallery especially and admirably prepared to suit them.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

II.—"LET US WALK DOWN FLEET STREET."

THE most romantic street in the world, I have heard it called—and the saddest and merriest—and the grave of literature—and the place where the heart of London beats by night. A narrow street and mean I suppose it is, the houses for the most part mere stripes trying to squeeze their neighbours flat, with four or five newspaper offices to the stripe, every office labelled like a drawer, until we seem to be walking on a writing-table between rows of pigeon-holes. The street is in a roar of life, and not the most dangerous way of crossing would be over the tops of cabs, buses, and lorries; yet those who are growing grey in Fleet Street may well find it a place in which to think. It was just here at the foot of Fetter Lane that we nodded good-bye to Delane for the last time—he was to see us again on Saturday—and across the street through that dark passage smelling of new paint—phew! the paint must have dried, it is twenty years ago—up a stair, the second door to the left, is where we had that talk about the new paper with J—, who was quite the coming man, only he took to drink, and instead of writing for him we lent him half-crowns. That tired man who passed just now, talking volubly—you saw me start?—that might be James Macdonell going to Gower Street to die.

Through Paternoster Row the young man trudges with his novel in his bulging pockets. Here he carries it in his breast. Yes, it is the most romantic street in the world, for where else are there so many young men taking the devil by the beard? I suppose a score of romances are begun here every morning—where another score are nearing their last chapter. You know the pictorial advertisement, "The Boy, what will he Become?" First there is a portrait of the child, and then two sets of illustrations, the one showing him rising to honour and affluence, the other picturing him as he falls to be a nameless man. That picture may be seen here with real figures any day. Take the first young man we meet, and the chances are—But, see, take this one. Suppose we follow him down Fleet Street. He has a bright face and a hopeful, and I think he arrived from the country this morning. I don't say that on account of his stumbling against more experienced pedestrians, but because his hands are keeping guard over his pockets. He strikes against other wayfarers because his eyes are for the newspaper offices; the eyes glistened as he passed the *Daily News* office and he drew a big breath. He told me with that breath that he means to write for the *Daily News* some day. You notice how, he casts a lingering look back at the office. It has just come to him in a vision that he will presently be sitting in a room there, waiting for his proofs. I daresay all his connection with this paper at present is that he has had six articles returned from it, yet the thought of what may be makes him draw himself up and strut a little. He is only twenty or thereabouts. Shall we follow him further? He goes down a side street, looking inquiringly from house to house, and now he stops opposite the office of a little journal of which you and I have scarcely heard. Yet here he stands gazing for some minutes, till he thinks the policeman or someone at a window is regarding him sternly. I can tell you why he has come here instead of going to the Tower, or St. Paul's, or Westminster. The second floor up there, with the dirty windows, is the office of the paper that printed his story in its Christmas number. I hope he was paid for it.

I tell you that the whole romance of Fleet Street is played here daily—a drama in three acts. Here is our hero when the curtain rises again, this man, not middle-aged, who walks quietly out of a newspaper office and strolls westward. Already he is a little bald, and his face is too jaded for eight-and-thirty. He can be nobody in particular, you think, or he would swagger more and have a thinner umbrella. The pompous fellow he meets and speaks to, however, has the air of a somebody, though his boots are broken. Something passes between them, of which our hero seems ashamed, though the other accepts it genially. It is half a sovereign. We need not follow our man further, for obviously he is on his way home. He is a successful journalist, making his thousand a year or so, but no one outside a newspaper office ever heard of him. A brilliant writer he is called in Fleet Street, but his reputation has not travelled as far as Paternoster Row. He means to "write something" by-and-bye though—when he has time.

A cheerful second act, you think; but two dramas, you must remember, are played in Fleet Street side by side. Perhaps the pompous Jingle is our hero. He has changed for the worse since we saw him gazing at his first newspaper office. Then he dreamed fine things—and one of them was not that he would become a loafer. Of many of the wrecks of Fleet Street it would ill become me to speak otherwise than tenderly. In our walk to-day we have passed broken men who but a few years ago were so brilliant and versatile that a splendid career seemed theirs, and those who had known them at college, or had listened to their talk after they left it, felt that there was no position to which they might not climb. Now they can scarcely fall further. Others were men of less striking parts, yet so trustworthy, so industrious, and so well informed, that one would have said their future was equally assured. Now what work they get is given them in charity. It is not difficult to tell why many of these men who began so bravely are tottering to a

miserable grave to-day. They wanted ballast; they lost their heads in the flush of a first success, they had more brains than character. The Mulvaney of journalism run to seed in a year. But why certain of these writers have never found a port in Fleet Street I am unable to say. I know them to be better men than some who never carry an umbrella because they can always call a hansom.

And the last act? We can easily pick out our hero again—this elderly gentleman who is setting off for his club. He is still prosperous, and the careworn look has left his face. I daresay he is not so anxious as he was at eight-and-thirty to bring the world round to his way of thinking. Has the eminent journalist made a great hit with the book he had in contemplation before his hair changed its colour? No, he has not. The book was never written, after all. I can tell you the history of that book as well as though he had told it to me. He spoke about it for years, and his admirers pressed him to write it, and now and then he took notes for it, and it became known through the gossip of the literary journals that it would certainly be published next October. But when he sat down to write it, he found that his thoughts would only run to three paragraphs, or about a newspaper column. He had been too long in beginning. A man cannot serve two mistresses, when one of them is journalism. Pathetic? Yes, it is more than pathetic. I am not sure that it is not the biggest tragedy of Fleet Street.

You are looking for the other third act, but you will not see it. The wreck has vanished from view. He has been added to the thousand ghosts of Fleet Street, and is only visible now to those who knew him long ago.

Did you see him? That was the young man we followed, and he was smiling to himself as he went by. Fleet Street has no ghosts, no lost men for him yet, and he has seen none of the figures I have pointed out to you. I started as he passed, for it had seemed to me that I saw him grow an old man within the hour. I cannot guess which of the two plays we have looked on at will be his, but I hope the brighter one. The lad has a good face, and is off to his lodgings in Bloomsbury, I daresay, where many Fleet Street dramas have begun and ended. Far from London he has a mother who thinks her house dull to-night, and has not forgotten to ask God to guard her boy.

THE OUTLANDISH LADIES.

A MILE beyond the fishing village, as you follow the road that climbs inland up the coombe, the two tall hills to right and left diverge to make room for a third, set like a wedge in the throat of the vale. Here the road branches into two, with a sign-post at the angle; and between the sign-post and the grey scarp of the hill there lies an acre of waste ground that the streams have turned into a marsh. This is Loose-heels. Long before I learnt the name's meaning, in the days when I trod the lower road with slate and satchel, to and from the village school, this spot was a favourite of mine—but chiefly in July, when the monkey-flower was out, and the marsh aflame with it.

There was a spell in that yellow blossom with the wicked blood-red spots, that held me its mere slave. Also the finest grew in desperate places. So that, day after day, when July came round, my mother would cry shame on my small-clothes, and my father take exercise upon them; and all the month I went tingling. They were pledged to "break me of it"; but they never did. Now they are dead, and the flowers—the flowers last always, as Victor Hugo says. When after many years I revisited the valley, the stream had carried the seeds half a mile below Loose-heels, and painted its banks with monkey-blossoms all the way. But the finest, I was glad to see, still inhabited the marsh.

Now it is rare to find this plant growing wild; for, in fact, it is a garden flower. And its history here is connected with a bit of mud wall, ruined and covered with mosses and ragwort, that still pushed up from the swampy ground, when I knew it, and had

once been part of a cottage. How a cottage came here, and how its inhabitants entered and went out, are questions past guessing; for the marsh hemmed it in on three sides, and the fourth is a slope of hill fit to break your back. But there was the wall, and here is the story.

One morning, near the close of the last century, a small child came running down to the village with news that the cottage, which for ten years had stood empty, was let; there was smoke coming out at the chimney, and an outlandish lady walking in the garden. Being catechised, he added that the lady wore bassomy bows in her cap, and had accosted him in a heathen tongue that caused him to flee incontinently, fearing worse things. This being told, two women, rulers of their homes, sent their husbands up the valley to spy, who found the boy had spoken truth.

Smoke was curling from the chimney, and in the garden the lady was still moving about—a small yellow creature, with a wrinkled but pleasant face, white curls, and piercing black eyes. She wore a black gown, cut low in the neck, a white kerchief, and bassomy (or purplish) bows in her cap as the child had stated. Just at present she was busy with a spade, and showed an ankle passing neat for her age, as she turned up the neglected mould. When the men plucked up gallantry enough to offer their services, she smiled and thanked them in broken English, but said that her small forces would serve.

So they went back to their wives; and their wives, recollecting that the cottage formed part of the glebe, went off to inquire of Parson Morth, "than whom," as the tablet to his memory relates, "none was better to castigate the manners of the age." He was a burly, hard-riding ruffian, and the tale of his great fight with Gipsy Ben in Launceston streets is yet told on the country-side.

Parson Morth wanted to know if he couldn't let his cottage to an invalid lady and her sister without consulting every wash-mouth in the parish.

"Aw, so there's two!" said one of them, nodding her head. "But tell us, Parson dear, ef 'tes fitty for two unmated women to come trapesing down in a po'shay, at dead o' night, when all modest flesh be in their bed-gowns."

Upon this the Parson's language became not merely violent, but grossly indelicate, after the fashion of those days. He closed his peroration by slamming the front door on his visitors; and they went down the hill "blushing (as they said) all over at his intimate words."

So nothing more was known of the strangers. But it was noticed that Parson Morth when he passed the cottage on his way to meet or market would pull up his mare, and, if the outlandish lady were working in the garden, would doff his hat respectfully.

"*Bon jour, Mamzelle Henriette*"—this was all the French the Parson knew. And the lady would smile back and answer in English.

"Good-morning, Parson Morth."

"And Mamzelle Lucille?"

"Ah, just the same, my God! All the day stare—stare. If you had known her before!—so be-eautiful, so gifted, *si bien élevée!* It is an affliction: but I think she loves the flowers."

And the Parson rode on with a lump in his throat.

So two years passed, during which Mademoiselle Henriette tilled her garden and turned it into a paradise. There were white roses on the south wall, and in the beds mignonette and boy's-love, pansies, carnations, gillyflowers, sweet-williams, and flaming great hollyhocks; above all, the yellow monkey-blossoms that thrive so well in the marshy soil. And all that while no one had caught so much as a glimpse of her sister, Lucille. Also how they lived was a marvel. The outlandish lady bought neither fish, nor butcher's meat, nor bread. To be sure, the Parson sent down a pint of milk every morning from his dairy; the can was left at the garden-gate and fetched at noon, when it was always found neatly scrubbed, with the price of the milk inside. Besides, there was a plenty of vegetables in the garden.

But this was not enough to avert the whisper of witchcraft. And one day, when Parson Morth had ridden off to the wrestling matches at Exeter, the blow fell.

Farmer Anthony of Carne—great-grandfather of the present farmer—had been losing sheep. Now not a man in the neighbourhood would own to having stolen them; so what so easy to suspect as witchcraft? Who so fatally open to suspicion as the two outlandish sisters? Men, wives, and children formed a procession.

The month was July; and Mademoiselle Henriette was out in the garden, a bunch of monkey-flowers in her hand, when they arrived. She turned all white, and began to tremble like a leaf. But when the spokesman stated the charge, there was another tale.

'It was an infamy. Steal? She would have them know that she and her sister were of good West Ind'an family—*très bien élevées*.' Then followed a torrent of epithets. They were *lâches—poltrons*. Why were they not fighting Bonaparte, instead of sending their wives up to the cliffs, dressed in red cloaks, to scare him away, while they bullied weak women?

They pushed past her. The cottage held two rooms on the ground floor. In the kitchen, which they searched first, they found only some garden-stuff and a few snails salted in a pan. There was a door leading to the inner room, and the foremost had his hand on it, when Mademoiselle Henriette rushed before him, and flung herself at his feet. The yellow monkey-blossoms were scattered and trampled on the floor.

"*Ah—non, non, messieurs! Je vous prie—Elle est si—si horrible!*"

They flung her down, and pushed on.

The invalid sister lay in an arm-chair with her back to the doorway, a bunch of monkey-flowers beside her. As they burst in, she started, laid both hands on the arms of her chair, and turned her face slowly upon them.

She was a leper.

They gave one look at that featureless face, with the white scales shining upon it, and ran back with their arms lifted before their eyes. One woman screamed. Then a dead stillness fell on the place, and the cottage was empty.

On the following Saturday Parson Morth walked down to the inn, just ten minutes after stalling his mare. He strode into the tap-room in his muddy boots, took two men by the neck, knocked their skulls together, and then demanded to hear the truth.

"Very well," he said, on hearing the tale; "to-morrow I march every man Jack of you up to the valley, if it's by the scruff of your necks, and in the presence of both of those ladies—of *both*, mark you—you shall kneel down and ask them to come to church. I don't care if I empty the building. Your fathers (who were men, not curs) built the south transept for those same poor souls, and cut a slice in the chancel arch through which they might see the Host lifted. That's where *you* sit, Jim Trestrail, churchwarden; and by the Lord Harry, they shall have your pew."

He marched them up the very next morning. He knocked at the door; but no one answered. After waiting awhile, he put his shoulder against the door, and forced it in.

There was no one in the kitchen. In the inner room one sister sat in the arm-chair. It was Mademoiselle Henriette, cold and stiff. Her dead hands were stained with earth.

At the back of the cottage they came on a freshly-formed mound, and stuck on the top of it a piece of slate, such as children erect over a thrush's grave.

On it was scratched—

Çi-Git
LUCILLE,
Jadis si Belle;
Dont dix-neuf Jeunes Hommes, Planteurs de
SAINT DOMINGUE
ont demandé la Main.
MAIS ELLE NE VOULAIT PAS.
R. I. P.

This is the story of Loose-heels, otherwise Lucille's.

Q

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

ON Monday, the third night of the debate on the Irish Land Purchase Bill, there were three remarkable speeches. Mr. Dillon pleaded with impassioned earnestness for a broad and effective treatment of the congested districts. He was a fitting spokesman for most tragic and gloomy portions of the Irish case. He represents the poorest district of the most impoverished county in Ireland; and the feeling with which he thinks and broods over Irish wrongs has been intensified by what he has seen in the west. The congested districts, he said, were a special result of English policy in driving the native population to the barren west, and to them he thinks the English people have a special obligation. His proposal was that in these districts all holdings under twenty acres should be bought out at eight years' purchase of Griffith's valuation, and that the administration of the scheme should be general, under a board in which the Nationalists should have the majority. Mr. Balfour received this proposal with a quietly cynical smile. The idea of giving a Nationalist any power in his own country he evidently regarded as a proposition too absurd to be discussed.

Mr. Chamberlain had a difficult part to take, but he performed it with undoubted nimbleness and dexterity. His speech was clever, and, what has been very unusual of late, it was not disfigured by any violent outbursts of insolence and venom. Once or twice his tone towards old friends, and especially to Mr. Gladstone, approached the offensive; but on the whole he spoke with temper, and without any glaring violation of good taste. He was respectful to Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell, and thought there was a good deal to be said for the scheme produced by the member for Cork. He was candid enough to admit that in 1886 the country declared against any scheme of State purchase on the credit of the British Treasury, and he admitted that if this Bill involved any risk to the British taxpayer, he would be wrong in supporting it. Then he endeavoured to prove, by the most ingenious of illusory methods, that there was no danger to the British Exchequer. These financial subtleties deceived no one, and Mr. Chamberlain only used them as an argument to cover his own inconsistency. In the latter part of Mr. Chamberlain's speech we had a return of his old and better self. The Liberal for the moment rose above the Liberal Unionist, and he declared frankly that popular local bodies should be interposed between the British Treasury and the Irish tenant. He demanded, in fact, that the creation of County Councils should accompany or immediately follow the passing of the Purchase Bill. This part of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was received with gloomy silence and sulky looks on the Ministerial side of the House. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour heard his proposal with ill-concealed dismay. The member for West Birmingham had in a moment changed his relations with the Tory party. Sir W. Harcourt, though he was not able to see Mr. Chamberlain's consistency, welcomed his declaration in favour of popular control, and proceeded to deliver a powerful and damaging attack on the Bill. The member for Derby brought his heavy artillery into play, and rarely has an imposing scheme been more completely demolished. His criticism of the securities especially was as cogent in its finance as it was amusing and brilliant in its style.

In the debate on Tuesday we had another example of a new departure in Parliamentary government which has been taken by Mr. Balfour. The Chief Secretary speaks to the House of Commons not only by himself but by his secretaries. By this clever, if not very constitutional, arrangement, he has tripled, so to speak, the alliances of the Chief Secretary in the House of Commons. Mr. Wyndham spoke on Monday, and continually referred to the Land Purchase Bill as "our Bill." On Tuesday another of Mr. Balfour's secretaries, Mr. Hayes Fisher, took up the tale, and stood forth as an ardent champion of the measure. Mr. Labouchere, as a "root and branch" opponent of land purchase, made a lively and determined attack on the scheme. He was particularly severe on the Chancellor of the

Exchequer, and said that the Bill, of which the right hon. gentleman was the real parent, had an "Egyptian loan prospectus" look about it. If the securities were really good, Mr. Labouchere advised the right hon. gentleman to go to Messrs. Fruhling and Goschen and endeavour to raise a loan upon them. Mr. Plunket, whose voice is now rarely heard except in answering questions, defended the general body of the Irish landlords. His speech was wanting in fire and animation, but it was not without that literary grace which distinguishes the style of the First Commissioner of Works. There was a tone of pathetic sadness in Mr. Plunket's references to the position of his own class in Ireland. The landlords, he said, were determined to remain in their old homes and among their own people; but he did not speak with buoyant confidence. In spite of his eulogies on the landlords and his prediction of their future, he evidently felt that their day was over in Ireland, and that no power could enthrone them in their old position.

Lord Randolph Churchill in a new character is always an interesting and attractive spectacle; and a crowded House assembled at the evening sitting on Tuesday to see him in his latest rôle of the temperance reformer. He explained the provisions of his new licensing Bill with great clearness and without exaggerated rhetoric. To say the truth, his speech was a little tedious; and much of the historical part of it might have been omitted. The noble lord as a social reformer is by no means so lively as he is in the part of a political critic. His scheme is in the main to transfer the administration of the licensing laws to the County and borough councils, who are to divide the counties and burghs into licensing areas with licensing committees for each district. A veto against the issue of all licenses is to be given to two-thirds of the ratepayers on the register in that district. He does not deal with the question of compensation, but he declared that it was indispensable to any scheme of temperance reform. The Bill of the noble lord was generally welcomed as a movement in the right direction, but Sir W. Harcourt and Sir W. Lawson took exception to his doctrine on the subject of compensation.

The deceased wife's sister, one of the most venerable of our old parliamentary friends, occupied the House of Commons on Wednesday. The debate on both sides was a repetition of the old arguments, scriptural, historical, and social, with which many Parliaments have been familiar. No one listened to the speeches, and the division was the only matter of interest. The Bill was carried by a majority of sixty-seven, and it now stands some chance of passing the House of Commons this year.

On Thursday Mr. Balfour resumed the debate on the Land Purchase Bill in a speech of great length and undoubted cleverness. The somewhat divided views of the Opposition on the Bill gave the Chief Secretary a good opportunity, and he skilfully and effectively availed himself of it. He pitted Mr. Gladstone against Mr. Parnell, and both against Mr. Labouchere, in a way which was telling in debate, and which gave him the appearance of a dialectical triumph. Moreover, Mr. Balfour was well served by the interruptions during his speech. Most of them were unfortunate, and the Chief Secretary promptly turned them to account. There was less cynicism and insolence than usual in the speech; but he could not refrain from flinging some irritating taunts at the Nationalist party. The weak point of the speech was the virtual admission it contained that his government of Ireland had not brought about a state of things which made it safe to entrust Irishmen with the smallest measure of self-government.

Mr. Sexton made a powerfully argumentative speech against the Bill, and announced that Mr. Parnell would decline to graft his scheme on the Government Bill. Lord Hartington's speech was a measured but resolute assertion of the right of Parliament on the question to override Irish opinion; and Mr. Morley denounced it as a declaration of war against the Irish people. The member for Newcastle disposed in a very brilliant style of the sophistical reasoning on which the Bill had been defended.

On a division, the second reading was carried by 348 votes for to 268 against.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ULSTER AND THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

SIR,—It is being asked, What do the Ulster farmers think about Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill?

It is easier to ask this question than to answer it. The question involves political as well as agrarian considerations, and it is almost impossible to divest oneself of political bias. The Conservatives, until recently, have not a benign record in the matter of land tenure. In some minds there is suspicion of foul play being contemplated, of the motive being more to help the landlords than to help the tenants. Assuming that the next General Election will return Mr. Gladstone to power, minds of this class are not anxious for the passing of the Bill. They reason, or imagine, that the terms of the settlement two years hence will be so superior to Mr. Balfour's terms that the latter would be rather a stumbling-block than otherwise in the way of that equitable appraisal of fee-simple values which is essential to finality and prosperity. This class has neither much sympathy with compulsory nor permissive sale under the present Government, and its attitude is one of indifference or hostility.

On the other hand, a very large number of farmers, embracing all creeds and politics, are disposed to judge the Bill in the light of their necessities. The yearning of every farmer's heart is to get hold of the land he tills. Political considerations may, in some instances, keep this yearning in check, but it seems to be drunk in with the mother's milk, and quickened by the rolling years. There are grounds for believing that the majority of Ulster farmers would rather have a fund ready for use, in the event of the landlord desiring to sell, than no such fund at all. This is the sense in which the thirty-three millions involved in the Bill are appreciated.

The advocates of compulsory sale rest their plea on both sides of the case, that of the tenants and that of the British Exchequer. They contend that voluntary sale will bring into the market the worst-conditioned estates and the weakest security; whereas general compulsory sale would bring forward all classes of estates, good, bad, and indifferent, and the security of the good estates would be a sort of collateral guarantee for that of the others.

To equalise financial advantages, it has been proposed that rent on estates adjoining those which have been sold should be reduced in the same proportion as the reduction involved in purchase. Pressure to this effect will undoubtedly be brought to bear on the landlords. Another proposal is to give two-thirds of a tenantry power to promote a sale through the Land Department. Both proposals recognise a serious defect in the Bill, the retention of the motive power in the hands of the landlords, instead of making the tenants partners in the originating transactions. Under the Land Law Act either landlord or tenant can serve an originating notice to get a fair rent fixed, and, following analogous requirements, there should be equality of power between landlord and tenant to set the Land Department in motion with reference to fee-simple sales. Permissive sale is founded upon the landlords' necessity; in the interests of the tenantry, in the interests of the whole country, compulsory sale has been advocated as the only mode of a complete solution.

However divided Ulstermen may be with regard to Mr. Gladstone's proposals for the better government of Ireland, they still consider him a better friend of the farmers than any man on the Conservative benches, whether in the House of Commons or the House of Lords. The nearness of the General Election is affecting the popular estimate of Mr. Balfour's Bill, and it is being judged as much by what Mr. Gladstone may do as by what it really proposes. Two or three years ago it would have got a more hearty welcome. But the chapter of uncertainties is not overlooked.

Perhaps one of the most suggestive features of the whole case in Ulster is that no political party is united for or against the Bill. Conservative farmers speak of it with bated breath because the landlords are dubious of its practical working. Dissident Liberal farmers like the compulsory principle, but dislike thwarting the purposes of the Government; Liberal farmers are even more strongly in favour of the compulsory principle, but they hesitate to drift beyond touch with the Liberal party in Great Britain; Nationalist farmers have the same land longings, but they believe that the "uncrowned king" can do no wrong. Thus it comes to pass that a Bill with immense possibilities fails to find a single class or party united in its support.

Politically, the murmur of Ulster is fragmentary. The Liberal split has left the Presbyterian farmers voiceless on the land question in Parliament. But it may not be discouraging to remember that these were the men who first made the demand for the revision of judicial rents and the inclusion of leaseholders in the fair rent section of the Land Law Act, and that these valuable concessions were wrung from the Conservative Government in 1887. There may also be some inspiration in the memory of the battle which was won in County Antrim through the union of Presbyterian and Catholic farmers immediately before the reduced franchise took effect, the conquering hero being Mr. W. P. Sinclair, now M.P. for Falkirk. The future may have in store such a conjuncture of circumstances that Presbyterian and Catholic may again be found shoulder to shoulder in behalf of agricultural rights. The potencies of opinion are infinite, and when the object to be attained is absolutely essential to the well-being of society the tendencies towards union are greatly accelerated, the breath of a new spirit may breathe upon all the people, and Ulster may rise up as a mighty army in support of that genuine Liberalism which has emblazoned the pages of British progress. Murmurs in a time of division may swell in a time of union into a tornado of demands, and the less benefit which accrues to Ulster from the Land Purchase Bill, the more hope and confidence will be attracted to the Liberal policy. But the conclusion of the whole matter is that the Ulster tenant wants the land absolutely and immediately, and he cares less about whence it comes than about the boon itself. This is the key to the heart of Ulster, and it is to be hoped that nobody who has a hand on the key will give it a wrong turn.

AN ULSTERMAN.

DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

SIR,—Owing to absence from home I did not see until to-day the letter of W. S. P. in THE SPEAKER of the 19th inst. on Hypnotism. In that letter W. S. P. makes reflections of a grave and solemn kind; he warns us first against the pretensions of hypnotic professors which cannot be fulfilled, and secondly against hypnotism itself as dangerous to health. W. S. P. says that THE SPEAKER failed to realise these dangers. W. S. P. enters into the history of hypnotic experiments, and urges thereby that such experiments have been futile at best, and not unfrequently mischievous also. Had W. S. P. read more carefully the article of which he speaks he would not have found these warnings absent. Your contributor there said that the patients shown at Leeds were probably selected and had probably been previously subjected to hypnotism and thereby reduced to an abnormal state. He alluded, moreover, to the neurotic women long the subjects of hypnotic and like influences at the Salpêtrière, classing all these persons as exceptional and morbid. In another place he said that the use of hypnotism tended to such a dislocation of the nervous functions that a brief good attained for operative purposes might result in prolonged injury to the patients. He also referred to the opportunities given by hypnotism to the exercise of immoral ascendancy by one person over another. Your contributor by no means admits that W. S. P.'s letter expresses opinions overlooked by THE SPEAKER.

On a minor matter—on the manner of our dealing with the hypnotism at Leeds—there is, however, a difference. W. S. P. has the right to think that heavy artillery must be brought to bear upon this latest hypnotic exhibition. THE SPEAKER noticed the subject because of the competence and good faith of the persons then concerned, which gave them a claim to public attention. Many of the exhibitions quoted by W. S. P. were deliberately left on one side, on the avowed ground that they had been so often mixed up with puffing and charlatany; or in other cases imperfectly observed or carried out. For this reason your contributor was tempted to treat the matter with even greater levity than he did. But this seemed unjustifiable when he considered the character and abilities of the operators at Leeds. Not only so, but your contributor had also in his mind—and with the peace of W. S. P. may it be said—that even after all the array of authority produced by your correspondent we cannot forget that the whole subject is yet very obscure. Whether by railery or by chiding, the abuse of potent agencies by presumptuous or thoughtless men is to be repressed, but not to the point of forgetting that the powers of these agencies for good or evil have as yet been imperfectly revealed to us. Who shall venture to say—W. S. P. will not venture to say—that much faithful and accurate work in this field is yet needed before we permit ourselves to say that its forces are only malign; remembering as we do daily that powers of nature the most terrible have one by one been subdued to the service of man.

April 29, 1890.

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, May 2, 1890.

WE printed last week a letter from "X" imploring us to furnish him with material for creating a "basis of opinion." I hope he will acquit me of impertinence when I say that this has caused no small wonder in my mind. Here is a man who "can find time for about three hours' reading a day, excluding Sundays." Yet he is "often at a loss what to read."

When I had grasped the full significance of these statements I took a walk down Southampton Street to make sure that the office of a certain journal was still standing. Then I pursued a similar quest in Wellington Street; after which I satisfied myself by a glance over Waterloo Bridge that the Thames was still flowing; then lifting up my voice (much to the surprise of a policeman—not of the "X" division), I cried, "Here are the masterful spirits of literary criticism—here are the luminous fingerposts; pointing in every direction: yet cometh one who saith, 'Often I am at a loss what to read.'"

I half suspect "X" of a subtle irony. Yes, the more I think of it, the more probable it seems that this simplicity of his is an artful affectation. He wants to draw the reviewers. "Let us see," he says to himself, with a chuckle up his sleeve, "let us see what these guides of the public judgment think they know." Come, my excellent "X," confess that you are a Roman augur too, and let us laugh together. Three hours' reading a day, indeed! Why, at that rate you ought to be a perfect Solon in six months. And why this Succi-like abstinence from books on Sunday? Own up, as the boys say, my dear "X." In the language of Mr. W. D. Howells' countrymen, you have given yourself away.

Between ourselves, I don't mind admitting that "the basis of opinion" has few attractions for me. It is an *ignis fatuus* sort of thing. You flounder after it through many a bog. You leave a boot here and a stocking there—by which figure I mean that you lose your opinions almost as soon as you have pulled them on—and you never find any firm ground or breathing space.

Mind, I don't deny that you acquire a good deal of useful information, besides mud and some slight irritation of temper. But why worry yourself about "the basis of opinion"? You can learn quite as much, and with far more comfort, by a very different method. I love to surround myself with books. I have a habit (much resented by the domestic deity) of distributing them in the most peculiar places, so that I can enter a room in the dark, feel my hand closing lovingly on some volume, no matter what, without smashing the priceless Dresden in its immediate neighbourhood, and then emerge into the light of the hall lamp, where I devour a page or two while the bell for the family meal is ringing in vain.

I once observed a procession of mice prancing along a dado and performing acrobatic feats on a bell-rope. The dado is the world's highway, and you are a fine brown mouse with a merry eye, climbing the bell-rope of literature.

But let us take each other seriously, and suppose we are reading three solid hours for the "basis of opinion." See, here is a whole row of handy little volumes called the "English Citizen" Series. If you look into the "State and the Church," by Mr. Arthur Elliot, you will find your curiosity about the literature of tithes amply satisfied for one day. You will learn amongst other things that, according to the Reverend Prebendary Cove, who flourished in 1816, the institution of tithes was due to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam, and by him and his descendants delivered down to posterity."

This is a pretty good "basis of opinion" to start with. It is a far cry from Adam to Sir William Harcourt, and still farther to Lord Bramwell; but you will not grudge the interval when you observe the ease and certainty with which Lord Bramwell contradicts Sir William in the *Nineteenth Century*. If you want unswerving belief, Lord B. is your man. He is the Right Minded Person of society. A gaol should be the portion of all who differ from him, and object to the collection of tithes. Yet just as you think you are on solid ground at last, you turn over a page, and, lo! the R. M. P. admits that tithe-owners ought to agree to "an abatement of the tithe for the future"!

Where is your basis now? Well, I will not taunt you. Let us return to the "English Citizen." You ought to know something about the punishment and prevention of crime. Read Sir Edmund Du Cane's book. It is official and comforting. Society is doing its utmost to deter and reform the outcast. Then turn to a new work—"The Criminal," by Mr. Havelock Ellis. It is full of distracting evidence that a large proportion of crime is due to hereditary disease. It cites examples of temporary aberrations which under certain conditions would have been treated as criminal. It multiplies cases in which vice has been propagated by prisons.

Truly it is terrible, this "English Citizen." It makes you feel your responsibilities acutely; but when you want your "basis of opinion," when you want to know positively whether you ought or not to hang your criminals, you are haunted by tormenting doubts.

Perhaps for a change you feel drawn towards "Lux Mundi." You have heard that it has excited the grief and wrath of very orthodox persons. You are told that it has been resented by fiery archdeacons as an assault on the faith and the Church. But, dear me! you might read it three hours a day, and even on Sunday, without the smallest suspicion that the writers had any fell design on the bulwarks of Christianity. Nay, you are rather staggered by the orthodox simplicity of the reasoning. For instance, there is no documentary evidence that Christ never rose from the dead, therefore the evidence of the Resurrection must be true. Again, the State supplies elementary education, therefore it ought to supply religious teaching, and that teaching ought to be given by the Church of England.

I say nothing about these opinions, but we are still in search of our basis. So here is something you must devour at once. It is the new quarterly—*Subjects of the Day*. The first number contains eleven solid articles, all about State Education, together with an editorial summary by Mr. James Samuelson. Fresh from "Lux Mundi" and the Church of England, in whose communion alone "can a man be all that it is his true nature to be," you may be shocked to learn that "where the mind of the young is relieved from the strain of committing creeds and religious formularies to memory, the secular training is more efficient, and such schools prosper where the denominational institutions languish."

Was there ever such a Babel? The confusion of tongues which fell upon certain presumptuous builders of old was trifling compared with this turmoil in every department of rational life. You don't wish to erect a tower that shall reach to heaven. You merely desire to raise a modest structure in which you may dwell with a serene assurance that the windows command an uninterrupted view of all that is harmonious and true. But, alas! no two architects can agree about the proportions, and they are even pelting one another with the bricks!

If you were really as simple-minded as you seem, my dear "X," I should say, "take comfort." Why, there is Andrew Lang, who has been accused—Heaven knows why—of assigning the

origin of religion to the ape. There is Mr. Gladstone, who wrote about the apparently harmless topic of housing books, and yet savage librarians have declared that he knows no more about shelves than he does about Ireland. There is the monumental memory of Charles Darwin, which somebody says has fallen to careless ruin.

Above all, there is Mr. W. D. Howells, who continues to enlighten the world of criticism, despite the cavil of the Britisher. In *Harper's* for this month, Mr. Howells' discourse about the "American pioneers of the Mississippi," "the men who got drunk," he says, "and swore like pirates, and slashed one another with knives, were neither liars nor thieves." Think of that. Though drunken, murderous, and profane, they did not steal horses nor tell lies. Nay more: "a sincere and fervent piety gave a religious cast to their intellectual life." In the intervals of sottishness, oaths, and murder, they prayed. Doubtless they were like the soldier in "Prince Otto," who held that the most religious state was that of the man who clung fast to doctrine, but lived as he pleased. Further, these Mississippi gentry had "a high ideal of womanhood;" and yet somehow they were essentially abominable and aristocratic, for it was the most difficult thing in the world for a jury to convict the seducer of a poor man's wife.

If Mr. Howells is satisfied with this remarkable "basis of opinion" about these early Americans, why should you trouble yourself with laborious searchings of heart and siftings of evidence? Finally (and this is the moral of my present homily), why crave for an opinion at all of many of the conflicting interests around you? Like the Settlers of the Mississippi, they cut one another's throats, they swear, and they are occasionally pious. But there is a realm where the noisy crew are never heard, and to which the English citizen (in spite of that awful library of obligations which you and I have hurriedly visited) ought to be able to retreat. There the politician does not rave, and the sectary is still. It is the land of minstrels, and adventures, and dreams, and it needs but one passport. Take the first volume of real literature that comes to hand, my good "X," and you will find yourself in the Paradise of the Desultory Reader.

L. F. A.

REVIEWS.

DR. MARTINEAU'S NEW BOOK.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. By James Martineau, LL.D., S.T.D., D.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

WORDSWORTH mourned that he who in youth had been a "prodigal's favourite" became in age a "miser's pensioner;" but to-day the most illustrious examples of the "prodigal's favourite" are supplied by age. The most impressive and commanding figures in literature, politics, and theology, are old men eloquent, octogenarians all. Here is Dr. Martineau, after a life of continuous and arduous labour, and at an age which leaves most men capable only of a retrospective and garrulous leisure, surprising and instructing his younger contemporaries by a series of *magna opera*, any one of which might well be a title to remembrance. And the *opera* have none of the weariness or satiety or painful laboriousness of age; rather are they marked by a sort of radiant youthfulness, an enthusiasm, an eager curiosity, a rush, an *élan*, a fresh and luxuriant energy as if of a newly belted knight of the pen, instead of one of its hoariest and most seasoned veterans. The secret of perennial youth is perennial activity; the mind that never ceases to seek ever continues to find, and a world that is always disclosing something new never allows the discovering eye to grow satiated or tired. Dr. Martineau is indeed a rarely gifted thinker, curiously compacted of reason and imagination; when his thought is most abstract his speech does not cease to be concrete; he loves abstract principles as other men love persons, but he does not leave them in lonely abstraction

he clothes them with the attributes and graces of winsome personalities. His Deity is attenuated to the purest of spiritual entities, as void of morpheic qualities as it is possible for any object of thought to be; yet this Deity so lives to him, so penetrates, so possesses him, that if there lives a veritable *Göttertrunkener Mensch*, Dr. Martineau is he. He can light up a page of heaviest argument with a gleam of humour, now playful and now grim; slip through a piece of subtle analysis into an oppressive pomp of diction, and relieve the monotony of historical or verbal criticism with an interesting literary digression. His splendid rhetoric often does injustice to his speculative genius; attention wearies under the burden of his imagery, even when thought is most anxious as to the continuity and bearing of his argument; the eye lingers over the rich tracery of his style when it ought rather to seek the principle and watch the process of his architecture. But it is the very richness of his mind that makes reading difficult; were his language less ornate it would be easier to measure the force of his criticisms and test the validity of his reasoning. Yet, were it not for his imagination, his reason would leave little that the heart could love, the spirit worship, or the conscience obey. The critical reason dissolves, but the creative imagination restores, playing with the abstractions of the intellect as the old mythopœic faculty played with the phenomena of Nature.

This volume, though it follows after the "Types of Ethical Theory" and the "Study of Religion," can hardly be described as their logical sequel. The later does not grow out of the earlier works, nor are they even skilfully dovetailed. The rough-and-ready makeshifts by which the main parts are joined stand in curious contrast to the elaborate care bestowed on the details. The earlier works laid the basis for a discussion and philosophical presentation of religion in history; but here, save in so far as earlier positions are repeated and expanded, we have only a polemical criticism of certain popular views as to the Christian religion, its literature, origin, dogmas, and institutions. In his vehement opposition to these views Dr. Martineau has been unjust to his own principles; he has thrown away the splendid opportunity of showing how they could be applied to the historical religions, in order that he might have the lower pleasure of a thoroughgoing old-fashioned polemic against orthodox beliefs. The beliefs will survive the polemic, and science will resume the discussion of the questions at issue; but English thought will be for ever the poorer for Dr. Martineau's failure to show how his sublime ethical Theism could be built into a philosophy of religion and of history.

In Books First and Third, Dr. Martineau deals with philosophical principles, God in nature, in humanity, in history, and with "natural" and "revealed religion." These Books resume the earlier discussions, and place the new in relation to the old, at least in such sort of relation as he conceives to exist between them. The previous works had determined the being and character of Deity, on the one hand, and His reign through law and in conscience on the other. But now two beings so related cannot live or even exist as if the other were not. God cannot be as if there were no man, man cannot be as if there were no God. On this point Dr. Martineau is, of course, clear enough; the correlated being of God and man implies their reciprocal activity—causality and authority on His part, dependence and obligation on man's. So he says that "in the moral phenomena of life" God breaks silence, and "Spirit speaks with spirit" (p. 36); "the word of conscience is the voice of God," its light is His "revealing and appealing look" (p. 71). When it is so conceived, not as "impersonal law," but as "inseparably blended with the Holy Spirit," conscience becomes "the very shrine of worship," and we pass "from morals to religion" (p. 75). But since authority is with God, and obligation with man, it follows that "the initiative of all higher good is with God; while it rests with man to be the organ of its realisation or its loss" (p. 106). He inspires that man may realise (p. 112). Now, the correlated and reciprocal activities of God and man could not be better or more clearly expressed; but what do they involve? The inspiration may be individual in its origin or as an act, the immediate speech of the personal God to the conscience of the individual man; but it cannot be or remain this in its issues. The acts of God, where most individual, are still universal. He is one, while men are a multitude of transient units, the multitude ever continuing, the units ever changing; but each unit, being through and for God, has a universal function and a transcendental end. The man, then, who has most clearly and certainly heard God, has done more than hear Him for himself; he has heard Him for the world, and the world ought to be able to hear God in the man. If mind can resolve cosmical phenomena into the speech of the Causal Mind, may

not conscience find in history men that embody the Eternal Will? Are there not persons who have acted, and still act, like a personalised conscience for the most cultivated peoples? And do they stand where they do by accident? If "the initiative of all higher good is with God," then the holiest persons are those we most owe to His initiative; and the more fully or clearly a person is the result of the Divine initiative, the more authoritative he ought to be; in other words, the more purely he realises the ideal God inspired, the more completely is he an organ of God for the race, with all the functions and rights which belong to such an organ. Here precisely is where Mr. Martineau fails; he empties his conception of God of all reality and all efficiency by finding for Him no fit or sufficient vehicle, and allowing to such vehicle, were it found, no adequate function. This excessive individualism dissolves the universalism of God, leaves Him a Being who handles isolated atoms rather than exhibits Him as one who, by the method of a moral architectonic, builds up a perfect spiritual order.

Of course, Dr. Martineau is, as a thinker, too large-sighted and far-sighted not to have glimpses of the truth; what we complain of is that he does not work the gleams he has into a philosophy of religion or of revelation. Humanity is to him both a "many-lived" and a "long-lived organ of God." But it becomes this by virtue of His action in and through persons; and in this work all persons have not the same value. And as the difference in value is due to a difference in the amount and quality of the good realised, and as "all higher good" is due to "the initiative of God," must not the persons who realise the highest degree of good be, as it were, special creations intended to secure the diffusion and acceptance of His authority upon earth? Again, Dr. Martineau distinguishes thus: "Natural religion is that in which man finds God, revealed religion is that in which God finds man" (p. 302). Or, stating the distinction more philosophically, "So far forth as God naturalises Himself in order to be discerned. . . . He is not *presented*, but *represented*; the knowledge of Him belongs to the religion of Nature" (p. 304); but revelation "is *immediate*, living God with living man, spirit present with spirit; knowing Him indeed, but rather known of Him." And so "Natural religion is what is worked out by man through processes which he can count and justify," but revealed "is there by gift of God, so close to the soul, so folded in with the very centre of the personal life, that though it ever speaks it cannot be spoken of" (p. 305). But what does this distinction mean? That the action of God is as necessary to religion as the action of man, and that where this action is most unqualified and pure religion will possess in the highest degree the character of revelation. But if it has this character in the man it will also have it through the man; he takes his place in a higher than the cosmic order as an exponent of the Divine will, and in the very proportion in which he is in the secret of God he is a revealer of God. Indeed, the terms, God and man, are but the historical terms, revelation and religion, in a personal form; where God is in active relation to spirit there cannot but be revelation, and where man is in active relation to God there cannot but be religion. And in history the creations of His spiritual activity may be as clearly traced as the products of His physical causality may be discovered in Nature.

In Book Second, where he deals with "authority artificially misplaced," Dr. Martineau's criticism becomes most caustic, and incisive. His first chapter, on "The Catholics and the Church," is a piece of strenuous polemic, too absolutely hostile to be altogether just. His second chapter, on "The Protestants and the Scriptures," is mainly remarkable as a brilliant example of the use controversial art may make of the methods and instruments of historical and literary criticism. Where science ought to shed its calm light the fiery torch of the veteran warrior, bent on the destruction of despised beliefs, ought not to be brandished. In his determination to be thorough he becomes unjust; he approaches with a negative purpose a subject that can be adequately or fitly treated only when approached in a positive and constructive spirit. And his injustice is twofold—to the views he assails, and to the literature he criticises. For one thing, the Protestant theory of revelation is not what he represents it to be. He does state views that have been held; but they are views that no man who knows his business would either state or defend. Authorship and authenticity are not identical terms; the Reformers held books to be inspired and canonical whose authors and, as a consequence, whose age were unknown. Nor did they conceive revelation as "permanent only in its effects;" it was a permanent cause, and the will that made it was permanently active. The Word was living; what the author means by record they never would have allowed to be their Word of God. Inspiration was twofold—belonged to the

object, but also to the subject; unless the Spirit of God was in the man who read, he could find no Spirit in the writing. The very immediacy Dr. Martineau claims for revealed religion, the reformers claimed; and without it the written was to the man no living or speaking word of God. And it implied a higher philosophy than his—the conception of a God whose action was not only universal but continuous, and never at any point or moment without a message to man, though the message was divinest when the person and the moment were most transcendent. For another thing, Dr. Martineau does not so handle the literature and the history together as to bring the two into organic relations with each other and both with his conception of God. It is but to repeat our former criticism to say, where his Deity ought to have been most efficient, he leaves us but an otiose abstraction. Where the phenomena he handles most need to be related to a living cause or divine will, he sees but material he must so analyse and classify as to discredit certain antiquated, yet persistent beliefs. And his use of his material is too controversial to be scientific. He concedes, for example, six of the Pauline Epistles as genuine. But he does not in any sufficient way use these as the fixed point for the scientific reconstruction of the history and literature of primitive Christianity. They carry us into the very presence of the historical Jesus; show us how he was conceived by the various and different Christian communities. They enable us to look through the eyes of the man of clearest vision and most splendid intellectual courage of all the men then living, and of all the documents descended to us from antiquity his epistles most abound in direct and side lights on the day and the society to which he belonged. Now, in all historico-literary criticism it is an established canon that we must come to the indeterminate from the fixed, to the uncertain from the certain, and were this law followed here we should find ourselves driven, on many vital questions, to conclusions different from those of Dr. Martineau, and, we will dare to say, more scientific and constructive.

Our limits forbid a more detailed criticism. We would have been more grateful if Dr. Martineau had given us a constructive theory, embodying his view of primitive Christianity and its relation to the Being he conceives as Cause of Nature and Sovereign of Man, or a constructive speculation, embodying his philosophy of religions, their origin, order, function, and place in history; but what he has given, by satisfying neither ideal, disappoints both. We have still to wait for a work that will help us to understand the religion of Christ in relation to an ethical theism on the one hand, and the history of man and his religions on the other.

PALGRAVE'S "CROMWELL."

OLIVER CROMWELL THE PROTECTOR. By R. F. D. Palgrave, C.B.
London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

MR. PALGRAVE'S book represents the reaction against Carlyle's view of Cromwell's character and the somewhat uncritical laudation of the Protector to which it gave rise. It is certainly an excellent thing that popular conceptions of historical personages should from time to time be called in question, and tested once more by the standard of facts. So far, therefore, in drawing attention to the dark side of the Protectorate and the blots on the Puritan revolution, Mr. Palgrave has performed a service to students of history. The defect of his book is that it merely substitutes indiscriminate blame for equally indiscriminate praise. Mr. Palgrave seems to belong to that class of historians who think history without monsters of depravity as dull as a novel without a villain. To the process of whitewashing in general, and the whitewashing of Cromwell in particular, he objects on principle. He quotes with approval a saying of Keble's: "The worst of this whitewashing is that to be successful in it you must blackwash such a number of other people." Yet his own objection to the latter process is not insurmountable, and throughout this volume the blacking-brush is his favourite implement. The reason is that the wickedness of Cromwell is a necessary part of his theory of English history. Mr. Palgrave requires a depraved Cromwell to explain the depravity of the Restoration period. According to him it was "the infecting touch of the Protector," and "the immoral influences of the Protectorate," which produced the corruption of the times of Charles II. His own view of Cromwell is expressed with great vigour and vivacity. The picture is a trifle unfinished, but the outline is bold, and the shadows very black. He begins by

promising a certain relative moderation in language. "If the Protector be likened to the devil, the comparison will be effected in parabolic fashion." As he proceeds, the moderation of his language becomes less conspicuous. We learn that "Cromwell's little knowledge of history made of him a fool;" that he was not respected by his subjects, "because a trickster may command obedience, but a coward never;" that he "gave out lies as spontaneously as an electric jar does sparks." On one page we are informed that no "Barnum more brilliant" than Mr. Pym ever existed. On another that Cromwell "was an artful old showman" and "the prince of wire-pullers." Finally, as a sort of peroration, comes the parabolic comparison of Cromwell and the devil, supported by contemporary evidence, historic precedent, and a lavish display of biblical quotations. Such is the sane and impartial conception of Cromwell's character which is to supersede the exaggerations of Carlyle!

The style in which these conclusions are conveyed is marked by a similar extravagance. It is sometimes slangy, sometimes melodramatic. At times the resources of the English language prove insufficient, and words such as "ticklesome," "zealoter," and "fizenless," enliven the author's pages. When he wishes to say that Cromwell forgot that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones, Mr. Palgrave writes, "he slighted the proverbial prudence of a glass-in-dweller."

These literary defects would hardly deserve notice, were not the want of measure in Mr. Palgrave's words merely the sign of a corresponding want of balance in his judgment. His researches have been considerable, his ingenuity is very remarkable, but no less judicial historian ever took pen in hand. As he has undertaken to revise the judgments of previous historians, and to extract the truth from a mass of conflicting evidence, this deficiency is the more serious. What makes it absolutely fatal to the value of his researches is that it is accompanied by an equal lack of accuracy.

Mr. Palgrave prefixes to his book a motto from the writings of Dr. Westcott: "The truth of history is simply the truth of the interpretation of an infinitude of details contemplated together." The first page of the introductory chapter supplies a striking example of his practice of this precept. It opens with a description of Charles I. in 1640, throwing up his arms, abandoning resistance, and submitting to all the demands of the Scottish invaders. According to the author, this submission was due to a petition from London presented by three citizens. "Upon the action of the three London citizens, therefore, must be charged the disgrace of that national surrender." In reality, the important effects attributed to the London petition of September 22nd, 1640, belong properly to the petition of the twelve peers, presented on September 5th. Mr. Palgrave has some dim perception of this fact, for he quotes the petition of the peers at some length in support of his proposition, under the belief that it is the petition of the citizens.

As the matter dealt with becomes more complicated, the results of this inaccuracy become more serious. The errors which only disfigure a simple narrative vitiate altogether an elaborate argument. The greater part of Mr. Palgrave's book consists of a detailed account of the different conspiracies against the Protector. His conclusions are, that Cromwell "devised the insurrection of 1655 from beginning to end," that he also devised the other plots of the period, either as instigator or accomplice; that his object was to convince his subjects that his Government alone preserved them from a new civil war, and to create a pretext for perpetuating military rule. The proofs of these sweeping propositions are entirely of an indirect and circumstantial nature. "Direct evidence," says Mr. Palgrave, "that Cromwell promoted the insurrection of 1655, of course there is none." The validity of the conclusion depends on the united weight of a number of inferences from a number of details. But the drawback is that the basis of fact on which the inferences rest is throughout defective. Mr. Palgrave's account of the conspiracies abounds with mistakes, both small and great, especially with regard to the persons of the conspirators. If he sees anything suspicious in the conduct of any conspirator, he promptly assumes that the man was not a genuine Royalist, but some agent employed by Cromwell to get up a sham insurrection.

For instance, Mr. Palgrave describes Cromwell as employing a certain Colonel Werden to get up a sham attack on Chester in 1655, and using a certain Colonel Bishop to entice Royalists into the plot for which Dr. Hewitt suffered in 1658. At the Restoration however, Charles II. appointed Bishop Postmaster-General, and gave Werden a place in the household of the Duke of York. The most curious thing is that charges somewhat similar to Mr. Palgrave's were brought against Werden at the Restoration, examined into by the King and Council, and solemnly pronounced untrue.

Minor actors in these plots were similarly rewarded; some were knighted, others received lucrative posts in the Government service. Thus we are driven to the conclusion, either that the King did not know who were his real friends, or that Mr. Palgrave does not know the history of the men he is writing about.

A second defect in the basis of Mr. Palgrave's argument is that many material facts are left entirely out of account. Undertaking to prove that the rising of 1655 was a sham devised by Cromwell, he omits either to quote or refer to the very important letters in which the leading conspirators describe the progress of their preparations for insurrection. Yet those letters are contained in a collection to which he frequently refers, and have been actually printed. And whilst such errors and omissions render the foundation of the argument unsound, the logical superstructure is equally defective. Chapter v., for instance, is devoted to proving that the conspirators were deluded by false hopes, that somebody therefore must have deluded them, and that the deluder was necessarily Cromwell. The fact that conspirators frequently deceive themselves does not appear to have entered into the author's calculations. In the same place it is argued that certain movements of the King's on the Continent were known to Cromwell and Thurloe alone in England, that therefore anyone of the conspirators in England who possessed that knowledge must necessarily have been one of Cromwell's agents. The probability of communication between the conspirators on the two sides of the sea, and the impossibility of proving that they did not so communicate, are alike left out of account. These and many similar errors render Mr. Palgrave's narrative of the conspiracies against the Protector of extremely little historical value, and deprive his conclusions of any weight whatever.

The most valuable part of the book is that dealing with the relations of Cromwell and the army. Developing a hint given in Cromwell's speech to his officers on February 27th, 1657, Mr. Palgrave describes the Protector as falling more and more under the dominion of his officers as the Protectorate went on. They became his master, and he their "drudge" and "catspaw." This view is very much exaggerated, but does contain a certain element of truth. Some of his biographers have represented Cromwell as much more absolute than he really was. As a ruler he was not altogether a free agent, for he was responsible to the army which had made him Protector, and limited by the Council which shared his power. But he was no more the mere tool of the army than the mere figurehead of the Council.

The successive cashiering of Lambert, Harrison, and other opponents, proves the reality of his authority over the army. Its influence over him was always great, but decreased as the civil element in the Government grew stronger. Mr. Palgrave has failed to perceive that the historical interest of the Protectorate consists largely in this growth of a regular government out of a military dictatorship.

Many charges may justly be brought against Cromwell's rule, but not those on which Mr. Palgrave lays most stress. The Protectorate was the offspring of a revolution, and had the defects naturally inherent in the rule of an armed minority. It was essentially arbitrary, though it attempted to adopt constitutional forms. It was oppressive, in that it subjected one section of the nation to exceptional taxes, exceptional laws, and exceptional tribunals. Two of its worst practices, the deportation of political prisoners to the colonies, and the employment of spies to learn the plans of conspirators, were not specially characteristic of the Protectorate, but expedients habitually employed by other English governments, both earlier and later. What does distinguish the Protector's Government is the comparative leniency with which it punished those who conspired against it. For the very numerous plots detected, very few persons suffered capitally. Against Mr. Palgrave's conclusion that Cromwell was cruel and bloodthirsty, may be set the deliberate judgment of a contemporary little likely to over-estimate Cromwell's virtues. Clarendon's emphatic verdict is, "he was not a man of blood."

AN UNOFFICIAL NATURALIST.

THE REV. J. G. WOOD, HIS LIFE AND WORK. By the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S. London: Cassell & Company. 1890.

IN "Theophrastus Such" George Eliot was a painful and over-true sketch with the graphic heading, "How we Encourage Research." Mr. Wood's life might appropriately bear the analogous title, "How we Encourage Original Observation." It is the sad and saddening history of a born naturalist of the good old simple school; and filial piety has done well to compile it as an awful example to all other aspiring young men in future not to turn

aside from the legitimate business of making money, in trade or elsewhere, to the mere quixotic amusement of advancing and diffusing knowledge. If Mr. Wood had stuck to a desk in the city, instead of wearing out his life in observing nature, he might perhaps have made his thousands, even though he might never have risen to be ruler of the Queen's Navee; if he had pushed himself in his own profession by attending church congresses and inventing new vestments, he might perhaps have performed archidiaconal functions, or assumed episcopal lawn with becoming dignity; but as he was only the most painstaking, widely read, and observant naturalist of his own day, the author of a charming book on "Common Objects of the Country," which sold by the hundred thousand (at no profit to the author), and introduced millions in both hemispheres to the fairyland of science—why, of course, he died, as he lived, poor as a church mouse, and worked himself into the grave in the constant struggle for bread against innumerable difficulties.

From beginning to end "the Reverend J. G. Wood," as we all called him, was an overworked and underpaid man, whose extraordinary vigour of body and mind alone enabled him to bear up against immense strains of unremunerative labour. True, he was not a biological genius of the first order; indeed, he was not a biologist at all, in the proper scientific sense of the term; he was simply and solely an old-fashioned naturalist. He belonged to the school of Gilbert White and Waterton, not to the school of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Wallace. He regarded animals as a fancier regards his dogs, not as a comparative anatomist regards the specimens in his laboratory. But in his own peculiar field he was supreme and unapproached in his own day; he knew as much about the ways and habits of wild things as Richard Jefferies himself; and though he had never Jefferies's unique gift of poetical description, he understood a vast deal more of their anatomical and physiological peculiarities than that charming idyllic writer ever dreamed of investigating. True, again, he was a compiler; but then he was a compiler who was also a first-hand authority; and his researches into life-histories were often more complete, more painstaking, and more valuable than those of many more pretentious State-paid zoologists. And what reward did he get for all his persevering labour? Why, to the end of his life he was always at his desk by half-past four or five in the morning: he lit his own fire, and worked till breakfast: then he wrote all day, taking his exercise even in the form of a three-mile run, as he had no leisure for walking: and in the evening he lectured, hurrying about the country from place to place with incredible rapidity, till he died in harness. Yet he had time to answer even the vile and shameless race of autograph hunters! In the end, when all was done, he earned a miserable pittance. His bad luck was constant: he sold the copyright of "Common Objects" for a trifle of thirty pounds; and even afterwards, when his name had become a household word among all English-speaking folk, he was paid at hack-work rate for his most successful performances. Altogether, it is a pathetic and almost incredible story, which casts a lurid light on the conditions of life in England for the cultivated classes in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Theodore Wood has done his work well. It was a simple tale he had to tell, and he has told it simply. His father was born in London in 1827; was the son of a surgeon; was delicate as a boy, but grew up strong; went to Merton College, Oxford, where he sat to "Cuthbert Bede" as the original (in part) of the immortal Mr. Bouncer; largely supported himself during his undergraduate days; took orders, and held sundry ill-paid curacies; lived all his time among his pet beasties; wrote for dear life, preached, drew, and lectured; invented, practically speaking, the chalk-drawing diagram; went twice, with his usual bad luck, to America; sent home diaries of amusing *naïveté*; wore himself out piecemeal in the service of science; and died at last in more than Roman poverty. That is all; but it is enough—too much, indeed, for most of us. We could better have spared a few stray hundreds from the clique at South Kensington. Strange to say, however, though Wood was an Oxford man, and a competent classic, who "knew his books" by heart, he nevertheless somehow failed to "take on culture." To the very end his work was always amateurish, and always sadly wanting in form or polish. Nor did he manage to "take on" philosophy either. Till his dying day, evolution was a red rag to him; and his "explanations" of organic structure were always of that fine old easy-going sort which explain nothing. But his knowledge was wide, and sufficiently deep for his purpose, and he managed to bring home a love of natural history to hundreds